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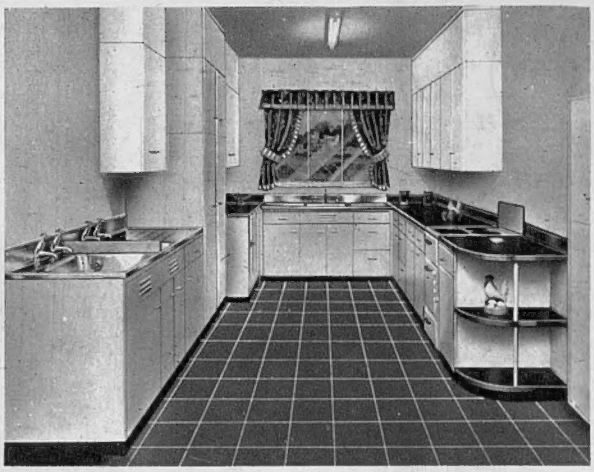

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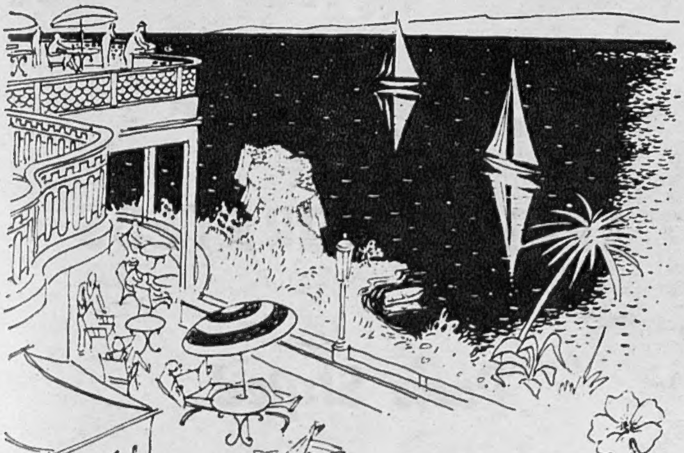

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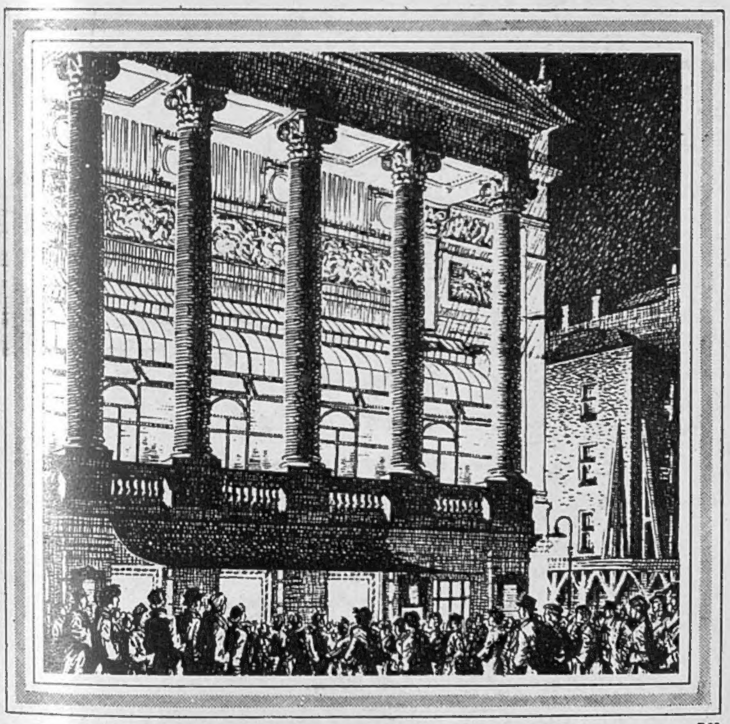

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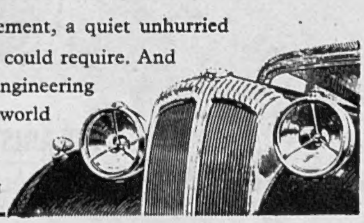

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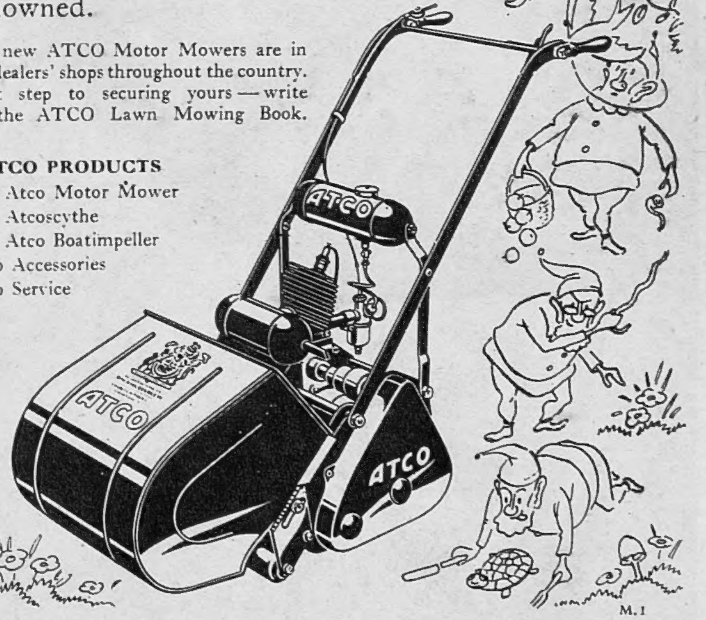

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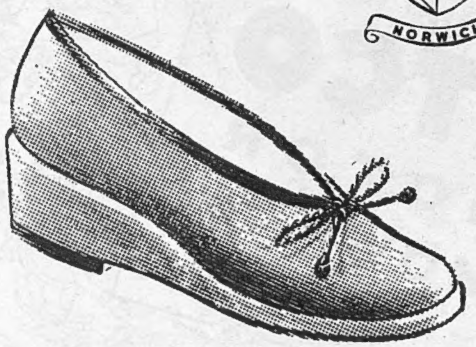

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1950

CZECH SINGING STAR

PAULA VALENSKA—star of de Grunwald's coming film *Three Men and a Girl*—plays a woman seen through the eyes of three men. In the first sequence Richard Murdoch co-stars; in the second, Burgess Meredith; in the third, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Paula has a lovely voice; she broadcast on Prague Radio at the age of ten; has played Elsa in *Bond Street*.

Photographed by JANET JEVONS.

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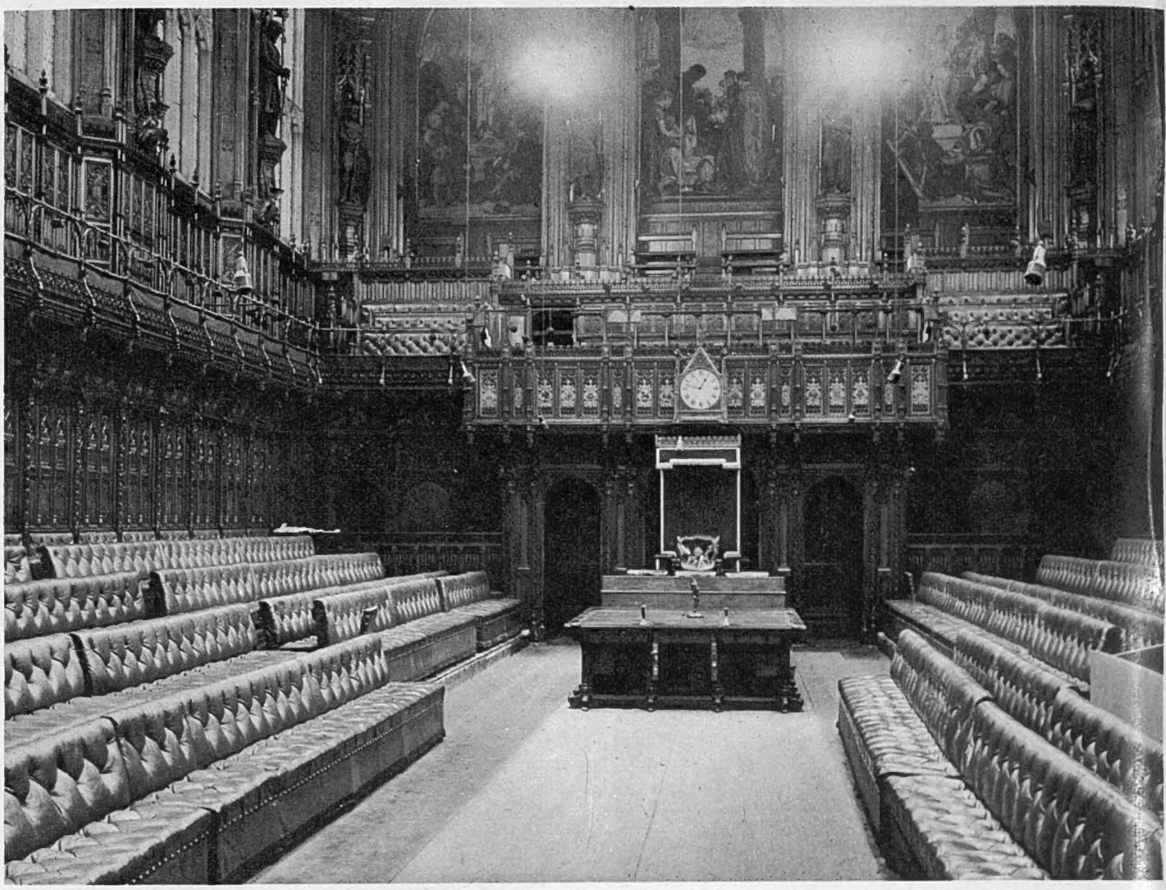


At the time of going to press (Polling Day) this is probably the quietest room in London.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

WHEN these words appear the election will be over, the victors will be sounding their trumpets, while the vanquished lick their wounds. There will be some broken hearts, but few broken heads, for this is a country that knows how to keep its quarrels to the realm of words.

On the whole, I think the heckling was pretty good. Perhaps the most human outburst came from Mr. Key, the Socialist Minister of Works, who was constantly interrupted by a lady who kept saying: " What did Mr. Churchill say? " At last, Mr. Key's patience was exhausted. " Oh, bother Churchill! " he said. That is very human and understandable, and Mr. Key has just the mild personality to make it effective.

We must award the title of " Gorgeous Gussie " to Edith Summerskill, who is almost professionally feminine. In fact, she reminds me of a silly story that Michael Arlen told me in New York not long ago, a story that made me laugh, although I don't know why.

A French diplomat was taken by the Mayor to the top of the Empire State Building, from which he could survey the modern Babylon on the Hudson. " What do you think of it? " said the Mayor eagerly.

The Frenchman sighed. "It makes me think of sex," he said.

Edith is like that. She re-writes Kipling, seeming to declare that a cigar is only a cigar but a woman is something, and how! If she spoke on turnips in the House we always had a faint feeling that they had been bred rather than just grown.

The most remarkable thing in the human side of the election was the inexhaustible energy of Mr. Churchill, who seemed to recharge his batteries every time he came before an audience. Undoubtedly any artist (and speaking comes under that heading) draws vitality from the crowd. Even in broadcasting there is a psychic contact with the vast unseen audience which quickens the pulse beat and gives that nervous vitality without which no artist can perform at his best.

ON the whole, the politicians demonstrated that they are acquiring the subtle technique of broadcasting which eluded them so long. None of them, of course, has reached the level of perfection that was attained by Franklin Roosevelt when across the air he thrice defeated the massed battalions of the newspapers. That always seemed odd to me, because broadcasting requires an intimacy, a homely fireside touch, as if the speaker is talking to two or three of his friends, yet in ordinary conversation Roosevelt had such a sonorous baritone that even when talking to

one person he often seemed to be addressing an audience. However, when he went to the microphone the effect was completely reversed.

Anthony Eden disdains tricks, but he succeeded in giving the impression that he was talking to us alone when it came to his turn in the series. Herbert Morrison took us into his confidence so completely that I almost expected to hear him say: "Remember, old chap, this is for your ear alone."

Lord Woolton talked as if he were sitting at the head of his table and we were his beloved but rather erring children. I did not hear the Radio Doctor, but apparently he hit the jackpot.

The curious thing is that Mr. Attlee, who is as unspectacular as last year's calendar, roused enthusiasm wherever he went. The British people have an incurable love for simplicity and decency, and they credit Mr. Attlee with these qualities. There is also the natural sporting sympathy for a good little 'un against a champion big 'un. I never cheered so loudly in my life as when, in New York, the gong went at the end of the last round and Tommy Farr, who had been fighting Joe Louis, was still on his feet. His mere survival seemed a far, far better thing than if he had knocked his opponent out.

Incidentally I had wangled a Press seat for the fight, and I sat beside a weedy little fellow with a size 14½ collar, a drooping moustache, and a typewriter on his knees. He stared sadly at the preliminaries, but when the referee announced "Seconds out of the ring!" he tapped out these words on the keys:

WHAT I THOUGHT OF THE FIGHT

By Jack Dempsey

To some extent Mr. Attlee's popularity is like that of Tommy Farr. He has taken Mr. Churchill's punches on the chin, on the nose, in the ribs and on the solar plexus. Every now and then he flicked the champion, just as Tommy did, and his supporters roared with delight. But men are often made by their antagonists. Without Napoleon there would have been no Wellington. Without Rommel there would not have been the sudden glory of Montgomery. Without Hitler we might never have regarded Churchill as more than a brilliant, erratic politician of climax and anti-climax.

Obviously we should choose our enemies carefully. They are often more use to us than our friends.

MY strangest experience in the election was when I set off from Euston on a Saturday afternoon with the admirable purpose of speaking at two evening meetings for Sir Giles Isham, who startled the dovecotes some years ago with his undergraduate Hamlet at Oxford and had a fine war record this time in the desert and afterwards in Palestine.

The instructions were quite clear. I was to get off the train at Blisworth and would be met by someone in a car. Perhaps you do not know Blisworth. Its station is not long enough to accommodate a full train, and when we paused there I only saw the fields, and assumed that we were waiting to let an express come through. Then on we went, on, on and on. Up to that time the train had pursued a leisurely pace, but now it seemed determined to make a runaway dash the whole way to Edinburgh or John o' Groats. It was a quarter to seven when at last we drew breath at Coventry.

In desperation I phoned the Conservative headquarters at Kettering, which is Isham's headquarters, but I could not get through. Where were the two meetings? For answer, the wild wind drenched me in rain and howled with glee at its own humour.

So I hired a car at the station and started for Blisworth, with great cascades of water drenching the lights as we splashed our way through. We got there at a quarter to eight, and I found a charming inn with half-a-dozen nice people having a leisurely one at the bar. They were most sympathetic with my plight, and the young proprietor at once undertook to telephone the Kettering headquarters for me.

This time the call went through, and an agitated young lady said that County Councillor Knight would set out at once in his car and would reach me in half an hour.

How pleasant to dine in comfort, to sip one's port and to sample a cheese of honourable antiquity, while the inn rattled and shook in protest to the raging storm outside. At half-past eight Mr. Knight burst in and yanked me out. We had thirty miles to go, and the car was an open one, with canvas coverings which had loopholes at the side.

The wind howled and the rain slashed at us as if the witches had left the cauldron and were riding the storm. We arrived at twenty minutes to ten, which is greatly to Mr. Knight's credit. The audience listened to me politely for ten minutes and then gave tongue. Finally, there was such an uproar that I had to give up.

That is all. But the next time a train stops I am going to suspect something.

LET us turn to more pleasant things and talk of a man who is so used to gales that even when he walks on land he seems to be balancing himself on a heaving deck. I refer to Vice-Admiral "Bertie" Packer, whose term as Fourth Sea Lord will soon be up, when he will become Commander-in-Chief of the South Atlantic Station.

I have often wondered what it would take to ruffle or excite him. He was at Jutland in the *Warspite* as a gunnery sub-lieutenant when the ship was hit, its steering-gear jammed, and it then proceeded to waltz round and round. Every complete revolution he fired his guns, because the enemy was on *that* side.

In the recent war he was given command of *Warspite* and covered the Salerno landing. This time she was hit by a bomb. The lights went out, the ship quivered like a dog coming out of the water, and there was a deathly silence. "This has happened to me before somewhere," said Packer. Then he remembered that at Jutland in 1916 she had done that same quiver and there had been the same eerie silence.

He commanded one of the two cruisers that were escorting the all-important convoy to Montgomery in the Middle East when they saw most of the Italian Fleet appear on the horizon, complete with four *Vittoria*-class battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

I have heard—although it may be only a legend—that Philip Vian, who was in command, signalled from his cruiser to Packer: "Do you see what I see?" Whereupon, it is said, Packer signalled back: "I do. I'll meet you in Hell."

So they steamed full speed ahead to close with the enemy. "And just then," Packer subsequently told me, "I saw the most beautiful sight in the world. Don't talk to me of Corot, of Leonardo Da Vinci, or Whistler. Nothing could compare with that lovely sight of the Italian Fleet turning about and running for home."

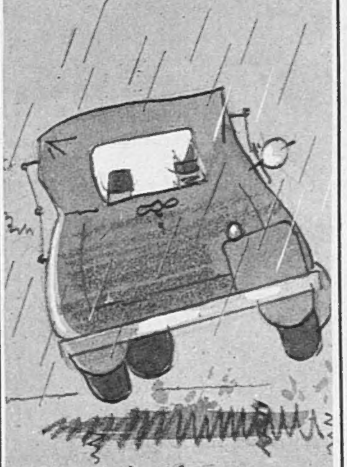
At that, they sank some of the Italians—and then went on their way.

His Headquarters as Commander-in-Chief will be at Simonstown, which is a matter of pleasurable excitement to his novelist blonde wife, Joy, for she is a South African.

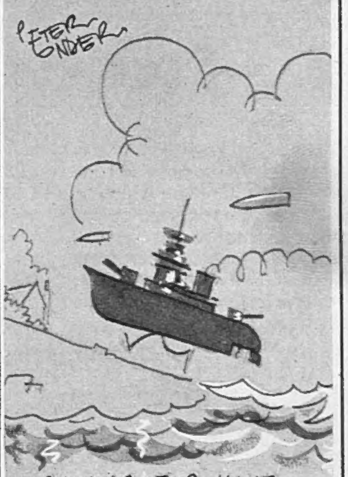
I shall miss Packer very much, for we have been close friends for a long time. More than anyone I ever knew he bears out the truth of that American witticism that the English are a remarkable people who are apt to fly into a deep calm at any moment.

Beverley Baxter

—A LEISURELY ONE—

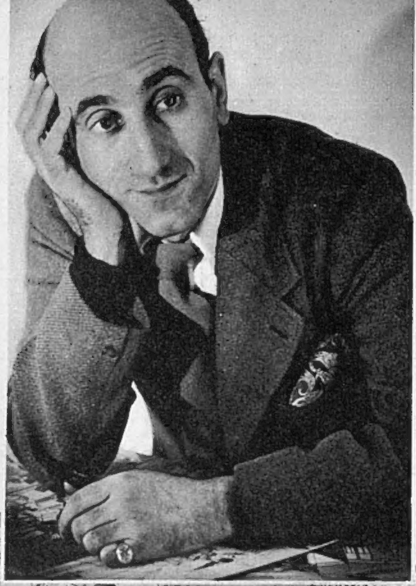


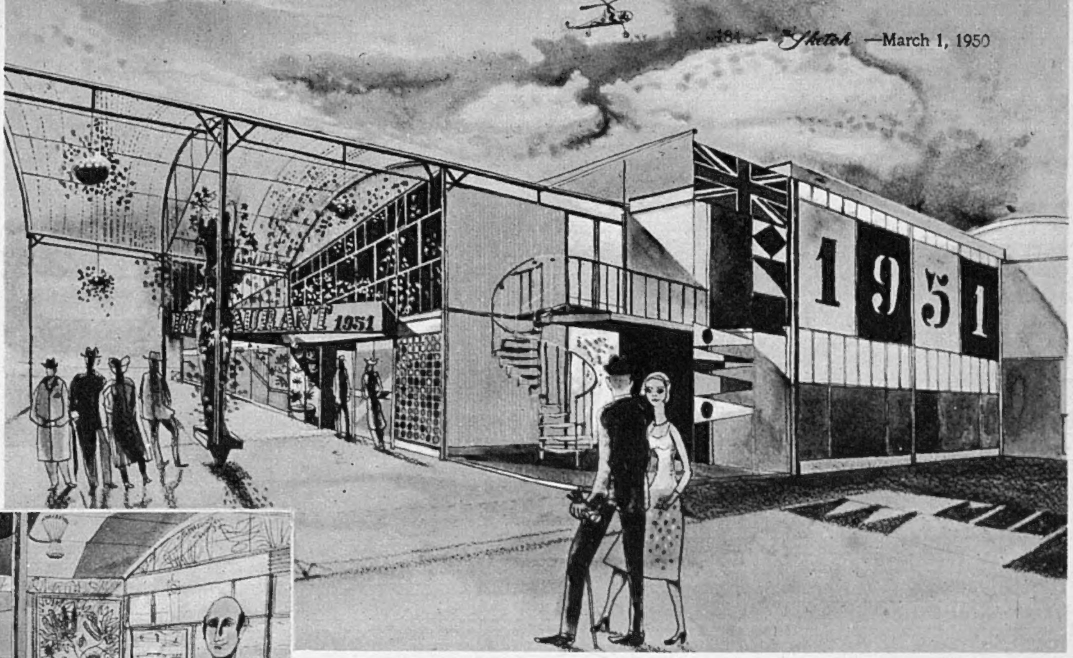
—THIRTY MILES TO GO—

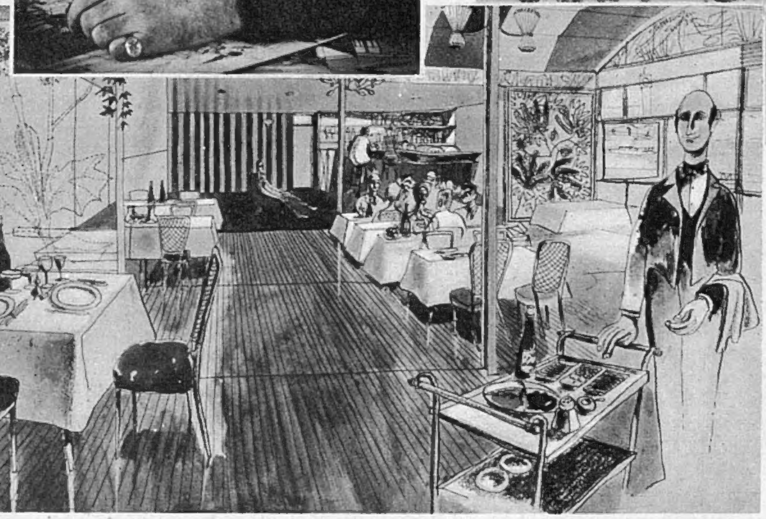


—RUNNING FOR HOME—

—A DEEP CALM—







Among the projects for the South Bank thrown open to public competition was the design of a main restaurant bordering the river front. Leonard Manasseh, A.R.I.B.A. (top left), worked on his prize-winning design during spare time in the evenings and week-ends. Two impressions, the exterior (above right) and interior (above), show this restaurant, which is one of some fourteen, including cafés and snack bars, in the Exhibition grounds.

BRITAIN PREPARES

NEXT year will be the centenary of the Great Exhibition held in Hyde Park during Victoria's prosperous 1851. The occasion will be celebrated throughout Britain from May to September with "The Festival of Britain 1951."

It is designed to be a great landmark in our nation's history. Last century's exhibition was confined to London; the keynote was industry, and the contribution of material was international. This new Festival will put the whole of Britain on show, British achievements and the British way of life, both to our own people and to the world.

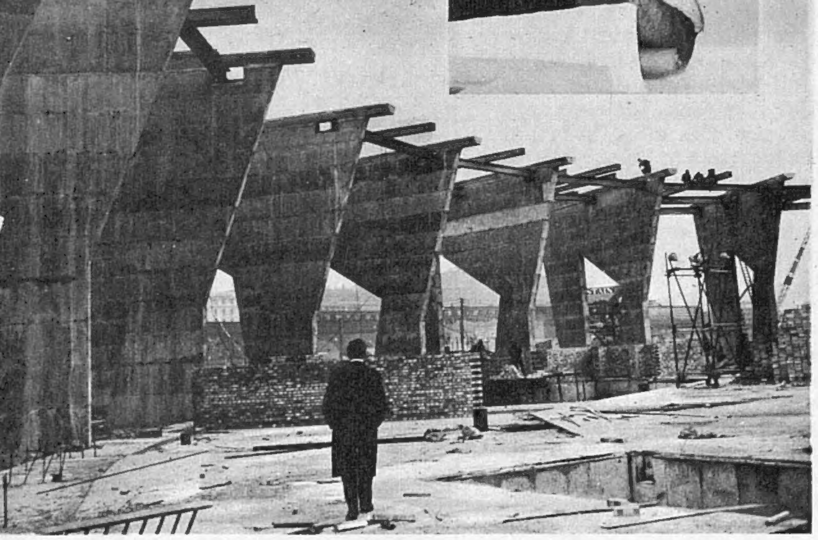
The hub of Festival activities will be sited on the South Bank of the Thames, where it makes a curve on the west side of Waterloo Bridge, but it will be far more widespread than this. The scope for the display of "British contributions to civilisation"—its theme—is so enormous that other exhibitions are being planned.

One, staged in a new West Wing of the South Kensington Science Museum, will deal with the spirit of scientific discovery, designed to appeal to both scientists and a public with no specific scientific training, but curious, nevertheless, about scientific affairs.

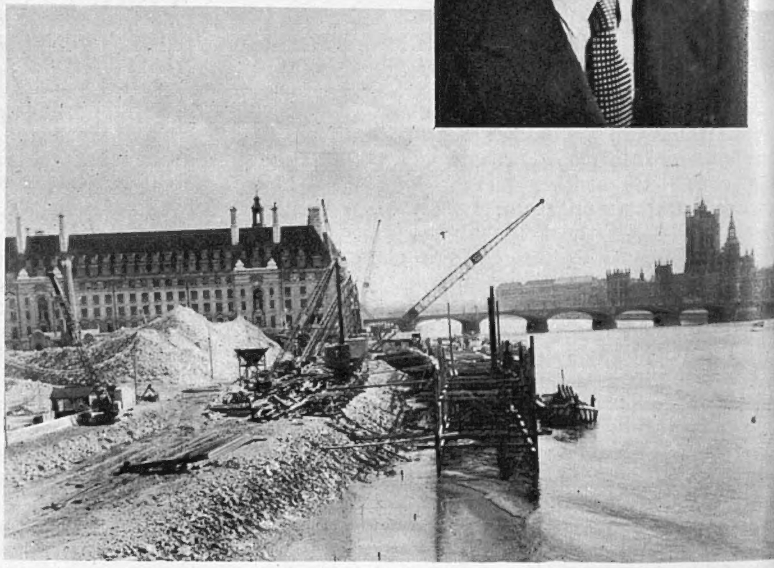
Another, sited in Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, will be an Exhibition of Industrial Power, and will display British achievements in heavy engineering.

Ralph Tubbs, A.R.I.B.A., thirty-eight-year-old member of the Festival Design Group, which is preparing the master plan for the South Bank Exhibition, is responsible for the design of the great Dome of Discovery. He has written two books on architecture, both published in Penguin editions.

The South Bank river wall is being built by the London County Council's Chief Engineer and County Surveyor, Joseph Rawlinson. He was City Engineer in Liverpool and for ten years in Westminster, before being appointed in 1947 to his L.C.C. post. He has to his credit a publication on the reclamation of land.



Concrete supports and steel girders of the Dome of Discovery show work well advanced on the South Bank. Here will be displayed British achievements in science, discovery and exploration, among them sea and polar exploration, weather research, radio, astronomy, and biological research.



The South Bank Exhibition site covers some 30 acres in all. Four of these are being reclaimed from the river by building a new 600-yard embankment from County Hall to just below Waterloo Bridge. The photograph shows the line of the old river wall, and the protective piles of the new wall.

Brothers Michael and Philip Powell (sons of a Chichester Cathedral canon) and Californian-born naturalised Briton Hidalgo Moya, partners in a London firm of architects, won the public competition to design a dominant vertical feature for the South Bank section of the Exhibition. It will be erected on the new river embankment.

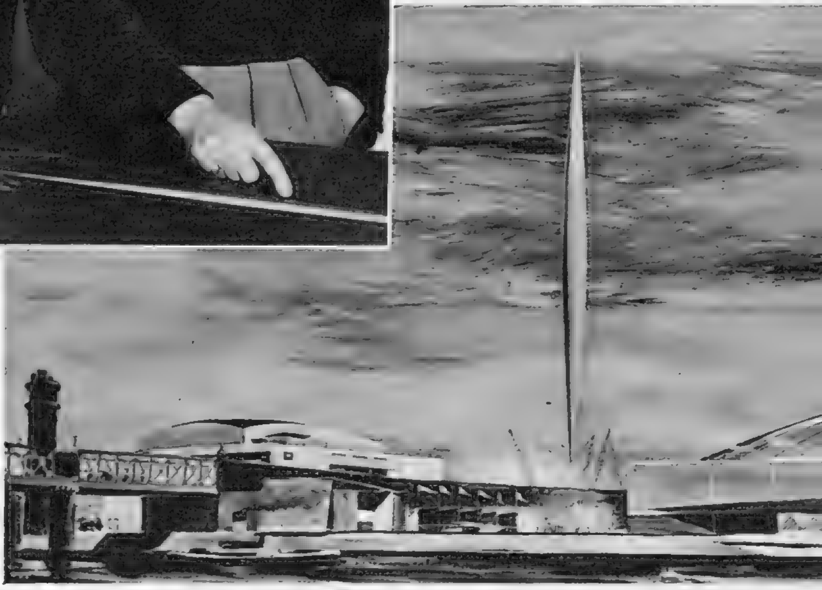
FOR 1951 FESTIVAL

A bombed slum in Poplar is to be transformed into a "live" exhibition of architecture. A cross-section of a residential neighbourhood, containing houses, flats, shops, schools, pubs and a church, will show the advantages of town planning, and some structures will be left uncompleted to illustrate new building techniques. Later, the area will be handed over for normal occupation, and though small, will be of an exceptionally high standard of design.

In addition, there will be Travelling Exhibitions, so that the whole country may take part in, and enjoy, the festivity of the summer months. An Exhibition Ship will call at large ports round the coast, while a Land Travelling Exhibition will visit important cities inland.

Nor have recreation facilities been neglected. A portion of Battersea Park is to be turned into a Festival Garden. There will be a fairground devoted to traditional amusements, open-air cafés and restaurants, theatrical productions, concerts and ballet, and the whole area will be in itself an outstanding example of landscape architecture and decoration.

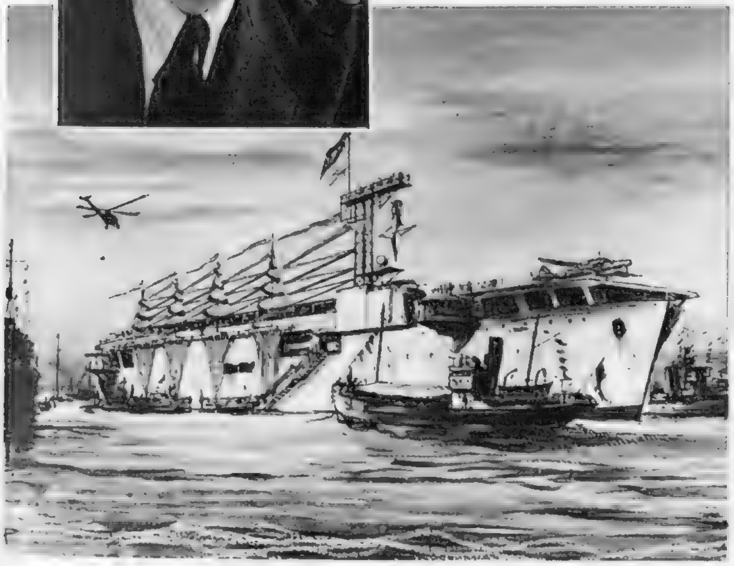
The Council of the Festival of Britain 1951, which supervises all Festival arrangements, has for its able Chairman General Lord Ismay.



The winning design is shown in this artist's impression. The central vertical feature, which will dominate the Exhibition on the South Bank, is 290 ft. high. The giant silver lozenge-shaped body is suspended in a cradle supported by three pylons, and held by steel cables. It gives an illusion of heavier-than-air structure defying the laws of gravity. By night it will be brilliantly lit from inside, by day the aluminium mesh structure will gleam in the sun. The old Shot Tower and the dome of the new Concert Hall can be seen on the left.

James Holland is engaged on converting the escort carrier H.M.S. *Campania* to a travelling Exhibition Ship. He has been Press artist, book illustrator, teacher, and has exhibited paintings and lithographs. He has also done work for the Paris Exhibition of 1937, the Glasgow Empire Exhibition and the New York World Fair.

Robert Matthew, A.R.I.B.A., forty-four-year-old London County Council architect, and Superintending Architect of Metropolitan Buildings, is directing the team of architects and assistants in his department in design and construction of the Concert Hall to be built on the South Bank waterfront. It will have seating capacity for 3,022.



The escort carrier H.M.S. *Campania*, lent by the Admiralty, is being fitted out as a Festival Exhibition Ship, and will call during the summer months of 1951 at important ports round the British coast. The story told on board will be similar to that on the South Bank.

The only permanent building on the South Bank site, the new L.C.C. Concert Hall, will be a prominent and distinguished example of architectural construction and will remain as a witness of the memorable year 1951. During the Exhibition, important concerts will be given here.

Candid Cameo

NINETTE DE VALOIS

By Collie Knox

WHAT, I mused, would be the right way to approach a Prima Ballerina, a past and present mistress of the art of ballet and choreography—one who had wrested the prerogative (ballet) from the pale and often unwashed hands of the hysterical few and filled Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells theatres with men and women who look like men and women, and know not the difference between balletomania and pneumonia? Should I chat lightly of "pirouettes" and "pas de chats," and assume a virtue (ballet), though I have it not? The graceful, gifted mortals who are the embodiments of the poetry of the foot are fed nightly on adulation. Should I prance into the presence of Miss Ninette de Valois, kiss her tiny hand, and proclaim, with lyrical untruth, that years ago I had waited seven wintry days and nights outside a theatre to see her "do" the Dying Swan? Though an admirer of the ballet and the surcease from workaday ills its dancing, décor and music bring, I am not easily led up the Covent Garden. I felt I was the wrong person to "Cameo" my ethereal target.

I couldn't have been more right. I was.

Never have I seen anyone look less like a swan, dying or in rude health, than Miss de Valois, as she sat uncompromisingly upright behind a desk, obviously livid at being disturbed even for a moment from directing the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet, Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the Sadler's Wells School of Ballet. Neat, trim, and direct, with hair becomingly greying, she made a terrific, and wildly unnecessary, effort to live up to the reputation of the ballet world for vagueness and "away-from-all-that" sort of thing. Miss de Valois wondered why I had come—couldn't remember my name, and asked me if I had come to draw a cartoon of her. Could this be the delicious prima ballerina who had never—till now—been known to start off on the wrong foot? This was evidently going to be a riot of a *pas de deux*. I strove to charm her by saying that last summer at Positano, in Italy, I had met on the beach Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, Frederick Ashton, and most of the Sadler's Wells company. "Can't think why they went there," Miss de Valois snapped. "Much too hot: most unhealthy. Told them not to go. Will this interview take long?" Repressing a desire to assure her I sincerely hoped it wouldn't, we proceeded not to get on like a house on fire. Perhaps if I hadn't had my hair cut . . . ?

Miss de Valois, let 's face it, was christened Edris Stannus, is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel T. R. A. Stannus and Mrs. Gordon Bradley, and was born under a dancing star in County Wicklow. By 1920 she had become an accomplished prima ballerina, with a knowledge of the whole range of her art, and has been on her toes all her life. She danced to success the hard way. She began in London with seven child pupils, and toured the country with a group of "Wonder Children," being herself billed as the "Pocket Pavlova." She said once: "I have danced the Dying Swan on every pier in the British Isles. I have also been booed off almost every music-hall stage." One night at the Liverpool Empire there was such pandemonium she could not hear the orchestra. "Why don't you ring down the curtain?" she shrieked in the stage manager's ear. "We never ring down the curtain here," he riposted with dignity, "till they begin throwing things."

Miss de Valois has danced in pantomime at the Lyceum, in revue with Ethel Levey and George Robey, was *première danseuse* with the Thomas Beecham Opera Company at the Palladium, and has by sheer talent and will-power taken the ballyhoo out of ballet. "Is that all?" she demanded. "No, it isn't!" I snapped, and Miss de Valois smiled for the first time. She has a charming smile—when she lets it out of the safe.

In 1923 she enlisted under the banner of the great Diaghileff, and for three years toiled unremittingly under that dynamic genius, who laid the foundation of Ballet. She learned that only by personality and great technical ability can a dancer rise to the heights. British dancers could not then express themselves on the stage, probably because from birth a British child was taught never to express its emotions. Miss de Valois was convinced that a dancer must receive a complete education, in dance, mime, music, rhythm, and language—and above all in personality. So she left Diaghileff—and started her school and on the road to making Sadler's Wells a place in our national life, this to remain her major triumph. For five years she was choreographic director to the Old Vic, the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, and the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, where W. B. Yeats rewrote two rôles for her to mime. All this simultaneously.

When Sadler's Wells opened in 1931, Miss Lilian Baylis allowed her one ballet evening every fortnight. Soon it became the fountain-head of British ballet. Her school found talent, and schooled it, forming the background for the brilliant British-born Markova, nursing the now scintillating stars Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann, and working with the brilliant and witty dancer-choreographer, Freddie Ashton, for sixteen years come Michaelmas.

Knowing that her principal choreographic works are *Job*, *The Rake's Progress*, and *Checkmate* (see *Who's Who*)—and now *Don Quixote*, I asked Miss de Valois to explain how a ballet comes into choreographic being. Tossing her neat little head, she replied: "Can't possibly go into that now. Would take an article to itself. Much too complicated."

I complimented her on the frenzied success of the recent American tour.

"Yes, very remarkable," she admitted. "Quite hysterical. We got more publicity at home than we did there. But we have toured other countries often—just as successfully."

"Are you going back to the States?" I put in. "Suppose we shall have to," came the stern reply. "Is that all?"—picking up a telephone.

No, definitely *NOT l'Après-midi d'un Knox.*

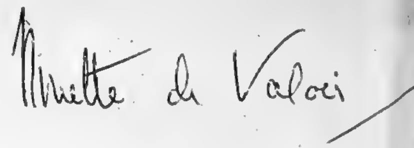
★

Who . . . Me?

IF a woman sits behind a desk, wears glasses for writing, has iron-grey hair and has not got very much leisure to devote to interviews, she is always the "school-marm" type. . . . Mr. Knox has not turned his back on this technical approach.

Yet perhaps he is right. It was in Cambridge that an American once addressed me as follows: "Excuse me, but I guess you can tell me the way to Girton."

It is usual to assume that all artistes like to be interviewed and all interviewers like to interview artistes. In fact, of course, it is exactly the reverse. Two people face each other across a desk and each strives to show an air of ease and affability and an unselfish interest in the topics discussed. Mr. Knox assumes that I was assuming an exaggerated state of forgetfulness concerning the whole business of granting him an interview. I suppose it is inconceivable for him to imagine that Mr. Knox knocking on my office door would not act as a charm on my memory! But never mind, he is very nice—and so he ought to be if he persists in spending so much time popping in on people during the busiest hours of their working day



THE WOMAN BEHIND "THE WELLS": NINETTE DE VALOIS

Photomontage by ANGUS McBEAN

DIPLOMATIC: BEAUTIFUL

H. E. Madame Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador to Great Britain, was photographed with their son Axel on his tenth birthday. Italian-born, from Rome, her Excellency is a niece of Princess Ottoboni. Art, music and jewels are her great interests, and, a lover of England, she speaks English perfectly.

Photographed by VIVIENNE.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

FEB. 8.
Mr. John Harrison Cripps, son of Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps, of Ampney Park, Cirencester, married Baroness Christina Macard, of Holstein, Germany, at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, Kensington. He's in Education Dept. Central Commission, Germany.

FEB. 8.
Major Paul Bethell-Fox, son of the late Capt. W. H. Bethell-Fox, and of Mme. Jean Guiné, of 5, Boulevard de Charonne, Paris, married Miss Elizabeth Wyndham, adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Leconfield, of Petworth House, Sussex, at Caxton Hall.

FEB. 8.
Reception after wedding at Holy Trinity, Ayr, of Mr. William D. Coats, son of Mr. T. H. Coats, of Levernholme, Nitshill, Glasgow, to Miss Elizabeth L. G. MacAndrew, daughter of Sir Charles MacAndrew (right), of Newfield, Kilmarnock.

FEB. 9.
Lord and Lady Harewood threw champagne party to launch new magazine Opera, which he edits. The venue, 8, Bloomfield Street, elegant little Georgian house owned by Mr. Richard Buckle. Here, Lord and Lady Harewood, Benjamin Britten, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, singer Joan Cross.

FEB. 9.
Altcar. Cold for first day of Waterloo Cup coursing meeting. Every bit of fur, wool, leather available crammed on. Here Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hardy, Miss Hardy. In front: Mr. J. A. Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Osbourne.

FEB. 11.
The Queen flew to Hurst Park to see Monaveen, the 'chaser she owns jointly with Princess Elizabeth, win the George Williamson H'cap' Chase. Picture shows her Majesty in unsaddling enclosure with Lord Mildmay, Monaveen, and his jockey, Tony Grantham.

[Continued overleaf.

FEB. 11.

Rugger ball at Grosvenor House after England beat Ireland at Twickenham by 3—0. And what better footwork on the dance-floor than that of a Rugger-playing partner? In picture, l. to r.: Captain Brian Stewart, Mr. Stuart Paton, Miss Valerie Pratt, Mrs. Brian Stewart.

FEB. 11.

St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Major Sir Francis Head, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Sir R. P. Somerville Head, and of Lady Head, of 24, Third Avenue, Hove, married Miss Susan P. Ramsay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ramsay, of East Bridge House, Bridge, Canterbury.

FEB. 15.

Lord Cholmondeley's early nineteenth-century seat, Cholmondeley Castle, made romantic background for meet of the Cheshire Hunt; good to see the members riding through the Castle gates. In picture, the son of the house, Lord Rocksavage, chatting to a friend. The Master is Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Dewhurst, of Stoke Hall, Nantwich.

FEB. 15.

Big wedding at Beaulieu Abbey Church when the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Scott-Montagu, daughter of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, of Palace House, Beaulieu, married Mr. George G. Weston, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Garfield Weston, of Wittington, Marlow, Bucks. They took 'plane for their Trinidad honeymoon; will make their home at Fort Worth, Texas. A great number of guests at the church. Picture below shows bride's mother, Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, her son, Lord Montagu, and Mr. Garfield Weston.

FEB. 16.

Celebrated French painter, Fernand Léger, turned up unexpectedly at his own Private View at Tate Gallery, where Arts Council and Association Française d'Action Artistique have sponsored retrospective exhibition of his work. Coinciding with show is publication of Douglas Cooper's monograph on Léger's work.

SKETCH

FEB. 17.
At the Hyde Park Hotel the Highland Ball was held with its tartans and traditions and a'. The dancing mainly Highland, to Tommy Kinsman's band of fiddles and trumpets, to keep the timing ; while three pipers played for the reels. In the left-hand picture the Master of Erskine and his wife are sitting out with Mr. Rivett Carnac. On right, l. to r. : Mr. Richard Baylis, Miss Joey Ekin, Miss Margaret Walker. Also observed Mr. Brodrick Haldane, and his mother, Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane, of Gleneagles, Co. Perth.

FEB. 18.
The Cambridgeshire Harriers point-to-point was held at Cottenham, Cambridgeshire. The day coldish, but dry and some sunshine. A big field of sporting personalities present for the occasion included, left, and l. to r. : Colonel A. F. Holland, Miss Barbara Fell, Colonel G. H. Illingworth, Mark Illingworth and Mrs. Holland, who brought lunch and ate it by the shooting brake. On the right are two good-looking spectators in Miss Bridget Farrant, studying the card, and Miss Rosemary Pares-Wilson with Percy the Pug, a breed which is coming back into favour.

FEB. 18.
Walking from the wedding at Westminster Cathedral to their reception are Captain John Smallwood, the IXth Lancers, son of Group Captain H. St. Clair Smallwood, and his bride, née Miss Diana Turner, daughter of the late Mr. F. R. Turner, and of Mrs. John Palmer Chapman, of Higher Waterston, Dorchester. The bridegroom is A.D.C. to General de Lattre de Tassigny, C.-in-C. the Western Union Forces, who flew over to London for the wedding.

FEB. 20.
At Caxton Hall the marriage of Lord Cardigan, son and heir of the 6th Marquess of Ailesbury, of Savernake Forest, Marlborough, Wilts, to Jean Frances Margaret Williamson, widow of S/Ldr. Richard Williamson, M.B.E., of Bodicote, Banbury. Groom served in World War II. in the R.A.S.C. (T.A.), and with the Military Government.

DATE-BOOK

[Continued overleaf.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Abroad)

FEB. 8.

Tangier. Plurality of bars in this sparkling international port of dolce far niente ; none better-known than Dean's Bar. Here 's Dean himself—of English education—on the spot. Over his head wave the tiny silk flags of several nations, among them the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. On the counter and around him the weapons of his calling and a mass of flowers for decoration, from which, by the look of it, the Dean is making the champagne flow. On right the entrance, known to everyone who makes a call at Tangier, for they all make a call at Dean's Bar. Those who own no habitation here entertain their friends at this Bar ; give parties.

FEB. 8.

Still the same venue ; the same party ; other people. On left Commander Arthur Pomeroy, R.N.V.R., conforms in Royal Naval tradition to the order "Up spirits." On the right England's actor Frank Lawton talks earnestly to Mrs. Garner, wife of Britain's Consul in Tangier ; the back is seen of Mrs. Teddy Dunlop awaiting the potency of refreshment Dean is composing for her in silver cocktail-shaker. Here and there on the walls portraits of some of Dean's patrons include Alice Delysia. Outside glitter the stars above the Moroccan coast.

FEB. 20.

Cairo. From the mail come these pictures of an exotic Arabian Nights Entertainments party and dancing given recently in his opulent apartment by the U.S. Vice-Consul in Cairo, Mr. George Mercer Atkinson. Guests of thirteen differing nationalities poured into the orientally-decorated rooms ; among them M. Adel Sabet, a relative of King Farouk ; and Prince Dimitri Romanoff, of Russian Imperial family, dressed as a hotel porter. In picture on the left is the lovely Egyptian film actress, Hoda Shimi, with Dr. Pierre Awad, Cairo lawyer. On right, Mlle. Isis Fahmy, with Mme. Renée Darr, and Mr. Charles Lescaut, dressed as a Kurd. He 's Middle East adviser of France's Embassy in Cairo.

"CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL" AT CIRO'S

A GALA opening at Ciro's last week brought Bentyber's Parisian floor-show to London's eye. The cast comes from the *Club des Champs Elysées*, Paris, and has toured most parts of the world, its last port of call being Tunis. In drapes of every vivid colour—some aglitter with sequins—and special lighting—the girls twirl and swirl, giving two shows each night: *Champagne Cocktail* and *Un Soir de Bal en 1900*; the latter dressed with multi-coloured ostrich feathers.

Specially photographed for *The Sketch* by TASKER.

THE THEATRE

" LARGER THAN LIFE." And what title could be more reasonable ? For this is a play about Julia Lambert, the fashionable actress of forty-five or so, who is the centre of Maugham's novel, *Theatre*. It is an amusing, malicious book—if not, maybe, Maugham at his strongest—and it comes now to the theatre, surprisingly, I feel, as an amusing, malicious play. Surprisingly, because for all its theatrical background one had not thought of it as good stage-stuff : Julia, one felt, should always have Maugham at her elbow. Yet here she is, brought to the theatre with cunning (in a very free version indeed) by Guy Bolton, and embodied with a most contagious humour by Jessie Royce Landis, from America. We can say, in truth, that we have seen Julia at last, a woman at once maddening and a delight. Miss Landis started uncertainly on the first night : the play, in its preliminaries, appeared to be frail and rickety. Then this Julia began to spring our imagination. We recognised Miss Landis's technique, her gift for timing and weighting her lines, the wit of her swooping and pouncing, and her way with what Maugham calls Julia's " velvet look." It was a full and a commanding performance, both sweeping and subtle. The house rose at it ; when the Duke of York's curtain fell, Miss Landis had ensured her position on the London stage.

I hardly think that Julia and Michael could have acted all the parts they are supposed to have done—see the ranked frames on the wall of the Siddons Theatre dressing-room—but Miss Landis is good enough to make us suspend belief. It is her evening on all counts. There is little to be said for the plot—bickerings, separations, reunion—and few of the company have very much chance. Reginald Denny has a kind of awkward charm—he is less Maugham's Michael than the Julia is Maugham's Julia—and we have helpful, accurate studies by such people as Jane Carr and Hector Ross, who play the two consolation prizes, Michael's Dolly and Julia's Tom. Their parts are not exactly rewarding : it must be apparent to everyone that Julia and Michael will come together again at curtain-fall. (The Lamberts are not meant for separation.) One of the happiest inventions in the piece is, I think, Guy Bolton's own : the butler who was once an actor, but who has played so many stage butlers in his time that it seemed quite normal to go into service with the Lamberts : life in this household must always be life in the theatre. Laurence Naismith purrs his way comfortably through the part, though we could do without that Irving anecdote : a rather embarrassing decoration.

" HAMLET." The simplest way to get into a fog over *Hamlet* is to read the literature about it : to survey dizzily the great cairn that has been erected over the piece during three centuries and a half. The most sensible thing to do is to read the text, and to

" HAMLET."—Michael Redgrave in the title-rôle, and Yvonne Mitchell as Ophelia in the Old Vic production of *Hamlet*, directed by Hugh Hunt, with settings by Laurence Irving.

J. C. TREWIN

see it acted, ignoring any cloud of theories (however fascinating). The play, when you come to it like this, is majestically straightforward. I must have seen it some forty times, but I do not remember a major production that goes more directly to the point than Hugh Hunt's (for the Old Vic company at the New). True, on the first night excitement took half an hour to develop: the early scenes, in spite of Wilfrid Walter's sternly impressive Ghost, were blurred. From the "Nunnery" scene onwards there were no doubts. Michael Redgrave, who had spoken from the beginning with a charged intelligence, ceased to worry and labour the part, and became one of the clearest, most reasonable, and best-phrased Hamlets of our time. He has everything except the immediately kindling stage personality which can give success to such people as Maugham's Julia Lambert. Redgrave can cope with Hamlet's passion, poetry, philosophy: what he lacks is the spark of purely theatrical fire. If he had had this, I think the ovation at the New Theatre première, remarkable as it was, would have been twice as loud. As it is, something in his personality still keeps him a little cold, aloof.

The Old Vic cast, after that early wavering, finely storms Elsinore. I admired especially the touching Ophelia of Yvonne Mitchell. We believe in both her sanity and her madness: she never gives the impression (that so many Ophelias give, bless them) that she is just an actress making the best of a bad job. Mark Dignam and Wanda Rotha are plausibly King and Queen—too often a Claudius and Gertrude appear to be fantastically ill-matched—Walter Hudd's Polonius is a nice venture in the crafty-tremulous, and George Benson enjoys himself much better as the First Gravedigger than as Bernardo: he is at ease with a skull, but ghost-hunting is plainly not in his line.

"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

This is one of the richest English farces, and at the Arts Theatre last summer we saw that it deserved its fame. But the energetic company at the Saville seems to be shy of it: it is late Victorian and therefore, so the argument must run, it needs to be over-flourished, over-fooled, hurtled at the audience with caper and grimace. There is no reason for such a concentrated effort to make the party go. The present revival is smash-and-grab Pinero. Though some broadening of style was inevitable, no doubt, in the large house, we did not look for this self-consciously comic treatment. The volatile Cyril Ritchard (Vere) and the massive Fred Emney (Admiral Ranklin) would be funny in any circumstances. Madge Elliott has, I am afraid, a bad time with the schoolmistress, Miss Dyott herself, by no means Pinero's most fruitful part. Miss Dyott aside, this is among the major farces in our record, and even the schoolmistress can throw off that famous line, "It is an embarrassing thing to break a bust in the house of comparative strangers."

"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS."—Fred Emney as Rear-Admiral Archibald Ranklin, and Cyril Ritchard as the Hon. Vere Queckett, in the Saville Theatre presentation of Pinero's famous farce.

SHOWS IN BRIEF

KATHLEEN HARRISON, MARGOT BOYD, BARRY MORSE, NOVA PILBEAM.

"FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING" (Duchess).—Toni Block's moving little play has reached the West End at last. Kathleen Harrison is now the tenement-mother, and Nova Pilbeam the ex-A.T.S. lass with the delicate air who represents a triumph of environment over heredity.

ARCHIE DUNCAN, BETTY HENDERSON.

"THE MEDICINE MAN" (Embassy).—Quackery, poetry and what-not in a Scottish town. A wild, chaotic piece; but James Forsyth has now and then a sense of words, and Archie Duncan is a loyal actor.

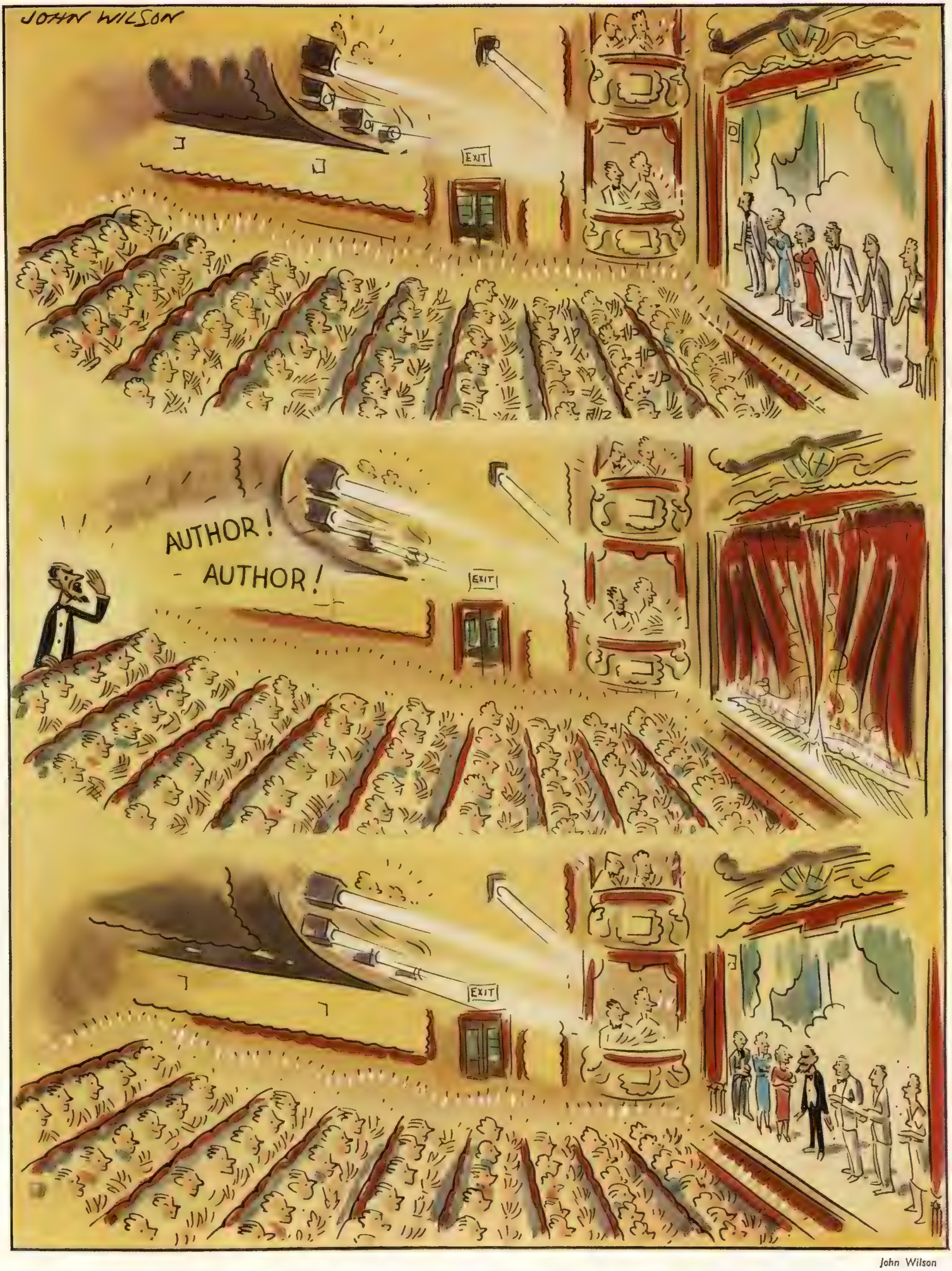
THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE CHÂTEAU VIOLETTE.

"WILD VIOLETS" (Stoll).—These romps in and around a Swiss finishing school are no less arch and coy than they were at Drury Lane in 1932; but the score, by Robert Stolz, can still soothe the ear.

NEW C.-IN-C. SOUTH ATLANTIC, AT HOME

VICE-ADMIRAL H. A. PACKER, C.B., C.B.E., newly appointed to the South Atlantic, will go to Simonstown as Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic, in June, when Lord Mountbatten relieves him at the Admiralty as Fourth Sea Lord. Admiral Packer is perhaps best known as a former captain of H.M.S. *Warspite*, in which he served as sub-lieutenant at Jutland and was mentioned in despatches. In the recent World War he commanded the veteran battleship at Salerno, and was again "mentioned." He speaks fluent French and German, also Afrikaans, a useful asset in his new appointment. The new C.-in-C. South Atlantic has more intimate ties with South Africa, for his wife, author Joy Packer, comes from there; and they have just celebrated their Silver Wedding. She has written two volumes of an autobiography as a Naval Officer's wife; they have sold well.

Specially photographed for *The Sketch* by CHRIS WARE.



John Wilson

THE OU

H. H. Harris

OUTSIDER

David Wright

WRIGHT AGAIN!

RADIO.—Jean Sutcliffe, whose programme, "Listen With Mother," has silenced the old complaint that the B.B.C. does nothing for *little* children.

Frederick Laws

LITERATURE.—Rex Warner: For *Men of Stones*, his first novel for six years and his best.

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

SCREEN.—Juano Hernandez, as the Negro accused of murder in *Intruder in the Dust*: a coloured actor whose proud, pedigree face, high-lit in mahogany, makes an artist ache for chisel or paintbrush.

C. A. Lejeune

STAGE.—The American actress, Jessie Royce Landis: For her triumph of technique as that flaming star, Julia Lambert, in *Larger Than Life*, at the Duke of York's, London.

J. C. Trewin

TELEVISION . . .

WE were told that the production of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, by Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstowe, would be the result of miracle-working by all concerned : producer, cast, scene-designer, cameramen, sound engineers and stage-hands. It was to be a two-studio affair, meaning that every inch of space at Alexandra Palace would be devoted to it.

That information struck a nostalgic chord. We, too, were once involved in a two-studio production, where everyone worked miracles. It was *A Song On the Wind*—as co-author with Beverley Nichols—and it all happened sixteen months ago. Conditions were chaotic then. Actors appearing in a scene in Studio A had to sprint a good fifty yards along a corridor to be in time for their entrance in the next scene, played in Studio B. If they were breathless it was just too bad. The show had to go on. The producer likewise had to dash from control-room to control-room. Even the conductor of the orchestra, which was tightly packed behind a piece of scenery, had to work miracles. He could not see the singers he accompanied, but had to watch them by means of a television screen at his side. In addition, the usual conditions prevailed : tangled webs of electric cable to trip you, torrid lights to give you heatstroke, swinging microphones to bang you on the head, and devilishly placed bits of scenery to wedge you and tear your clothes as you attempted to move round the floor.

But that was over a year ago. How is a two-studio show done to-day ? We thought it would be interesting to find out—and we did.

WHAT we found was that time has stood still. Admittedly the producer can now work both studios from one control-room, and banks of mercury-vapour lights have replaced some of the incandescent lamps which were the chief heat-producers—though it is still too hot. But apart from that, the same conditions prevail, and it is hardly fair on those upon whose shoulders the credit or discredit of television chiefly rests : the miracle workers.

Consider the average day of an artist, appearing in a major production the same evening. Up at Alexandra Palace in the morning, a preliminary rehearsal, then an indifferently-cooked lunch (for which it is necessary to queue for as much as twenty minutes) in a canteen of which the less said the better. Then a full-scale dress rehearsal, with a break for tea (more queueing), until about seven. After that the artist can rest, as far as the clean but comfortless dressing-room allows, until transmission time. Then in the overheated, overcrowded studio, which is enough to give even a sub-mariner claustrophobia, he or she has to give a sparkling performance.

The excuse, of course, is lack of space. But then, space has been lacking for a long time. Up to now the hot fever of the pioneer has overcome all these difficulties in its stride. But surely we are getting beyond the pioneer stage ? And—perhaps we are wrong—but did we not detect an atmosphere of general fed-up-ness with the conditions ?

(Continued opposite.

The Scarlet Pimpernel—that immortal bit of nonsense about the French Revolution—was performed on the TV screen with all the swashbuckling flair that such a romantic drama demands. Above, Lady Marguerite Blakeney (Margaretta Scott—who took the part superbly) questions the odious Chauvelin, a French envoy (Sydney Tafler).

A visit to Olympia, by courtesy of the Kennel Club, to watch some of the judging on the opening day at Cruft's Dog Show, which drew a world record of 12,319 entries. Wynford Vaughan Thomas introduced some of this year's champion dogs and their owners.

Corinth House, a Royston Morley production, is the work of critic and novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson. The Kensington boarding-house scene shows Mrs. Beauclerc (Agnes Lanchlan), Mrs. Heysham (Jeannette Tregarthen) and Miss Malleson (Gladys Young).

Wynford Vaughan Thomas, seen above in his boiler suit, took TV viewers to meet some of the workers at a Dagenham blast furnace, where iron is made for one of Britain's largest motor manufacturers. *Iron in the Making*, one of the most successful jobs tackled by the Outside Broadcast Unit, but also one of the dirtiest, was presented by Keith Rogers.

. . . *by* CYRIL BUTCHER

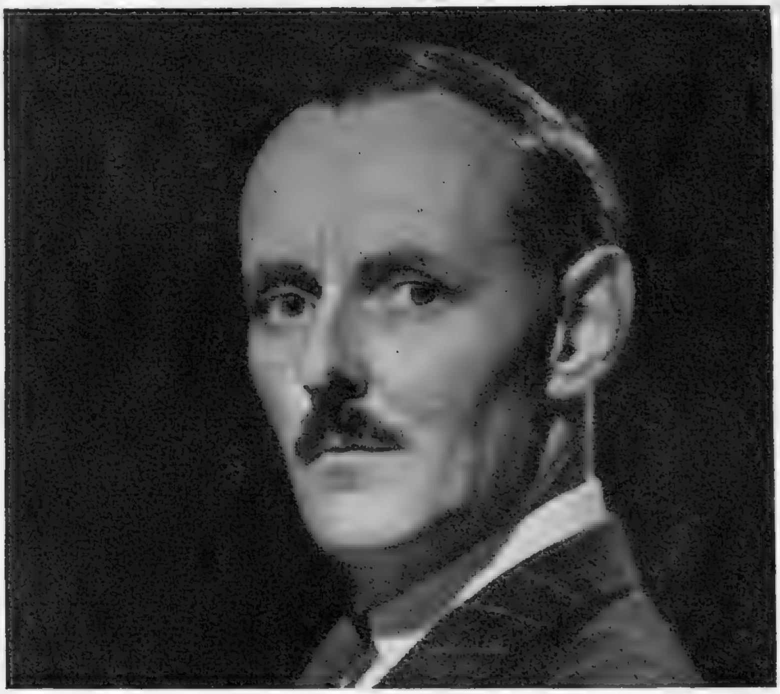
Oh, we know that the Shepherd's Bush Studios have been bought by the B.B.C. and that things are going to be much better. But when ? Soon ? Why not a long time ago ? And what is actually being done about the new studios ? They were taken over early in January. We are told that it is *hoped* to begin production there in April. (Let us not forget that the engineers fitted up a television studio at Radiolympia *in ten days.*) And what will be produced : big shows needing the large space ? Not a bit of it ; the plan is to provide a daily " For the Children " programme, which demands a very modest amount of room. It strikes one as faintly Gilbertian.

BUT let us get back to *The Scarlet Pimpernel.* That evening, back at home, in our favourite armchair, we switched on the television set with a compassionate thought for the miracle workers. They did us proud and gave us a wonderful show.

Fred O'Donovan handled this darling old classic perfectly. It is a rip-roaring romantic adventure story that carries no message, points no moral, and only asks to tell a good yarn in a straightforward way. That's how Mr. O'Donovan told it and James Bould, the scene-designer, showed it to us. The acting was rightly in the grand manner. Margaretta Scott, as Lady Blakeney, took the dramatic bit between her teeth and ran away with her part superbly. Sydney Tafler, as the odious Chauvelin, shivered us in the most unsparing way. But the most exciting thing was to be presented with a new romantic lead, in the person of James Carney, as the gay Sir Percy. Here, if somebody has the sense to exploit him properly, is a fine young actor with every qualification necessary to become a great star. Yes, the miracle was worked.

The Indifferent Shepherd, by Peter Ustinov, a week later, we found to be The Play Indifferent. It has some extremely fine dialogue, and the author has a mind that works on unconventional but interesting lines. However, it does not altogether hold water. The situations, one felt, were artfully contrived rather than the outcome of the characters themselves, and despite the brisk production of Campbell Logan there were *longueurs* in plenty. But we must give our bouquet to Mary Ellis for one of the finest performances we have ever seen. Her rôle, as a jealous, frustrated, unmoral wife of a country parson, was not a sympathetic one. It is to her eternal credit that she did not spare herself one horror of the ugly character she was portraying.

A PERFECT example of what television should leave to radio was the Anthony Pini playing of the Saint-Saëns 'Cello Concerto No. 1, with Eric Robinson conducting. The studio is too small to house an adequate orchestra, and the acoustics are not good enough. Visually, a concert is static ; the appeal is to the ear, not to the eye. The latter organ was, in fact, embarrassed at Mr. Pini's discomfiture by a strong spotlight which seemed to blind him. Nor was it made any happier by the roving shots of the not over-photogenic orchestral gentlemen, properly intent upon their scores, labouring away at their instruments.



OUR CRITIC'S BOUQUETS GO TO . . .

Mary Ellis, in *The Indifferent Shepherd*, for one of the finest performances we have ever seen—a hideous character beautifully and bravely portrayed. Michael Hordern (behind) plays Hugh Wigmore.

Eric Maschwitz, for introducing us so charmingly and wittily to the Connovers in "Family Affairs," a weekly domestic series we hope to see revived.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

JACK HOLDEN, for running the last ten miles of his winning Marathon in bare feet.

MAJOR CASDAGLI, for embroidering his time away in Oflag 9A.

BRITISH winner of the Marathon race in the New Zealand Empire Games was Jack T. Holden, seen (top left) on the last lap as he enters the stadium to finish in 2 hours 32 mins. 57 secs.—the fastest in his long career. His shoes split open after running the first 16 miles in atrocious weather, so he ran the remaining 10 miles over rough ground in bare feet.

A UNIQUE exhibition of embroidery by Major A. T. Casdagli, R.A.O.C., of 32, Oxford Street, Manchester, was held recently at the Ladies' Work Society, Brompton Road. Captured in Crete, he spent his prison years at Oflag 9A, embroidering among other things a plan of the prison, using threads drawn from blankets, sheets and fellow-prisoners' pullovers.

THE 500-year-old pancake race held on Shrove Tuesday at Olney, Bucks, was held also in Liberal, Kansas, U.S.A. British housewives ran a 415-yards course through the village, tossing their pancakes three times en route. Florence Callow collected for her exertions a new frying-pan from the citizens of Liberal, a Prayer Book from the Vicar of Olney and thunderous applause from the villagers. Her time was 1 min. 10·2/5th secs., compared to 1 min. 18 secs. taken by her American counterpart.

FENELLA, performing Sumatran tigress, seems unconcerned at being held captive by two-year-olds Sandra Bowler and Rosamund Hiles. Trained by Rosamund's grandfather, Fenella is touring the country in Pete Collins' Variety Show, and during her turn she allows children from the audience to come on to the stage and play with her.

FLORENCE CALLOW, for setting up what Olney claims a world record, in the hotly-contested Shrove Pancake Race.

TWO LITTLE BIG-GAME HUNTERS, for holding that tiger !

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

JOY NICHOLS, DICK BENTLEY, JIMMY EDWARDS, M.A.,

for their versatile, voluble masterpiece *Take It From Here*—a big event of the Radio and Music Hall week.

A CURSORY glance at these remotely inexpressive faces would hardly persuade you that they belong to three of the highest-ranking laughter-getting comedians of the B.B.C. radio programme. Yet it is so. *Take It From Here* is a programme of brilliant surrealist slapstick, augmented by the genius of producer Charles Maxwell, the script of Frank Muir and Denis Norden, and the singing of the Keynotes. On the stage at the Victoria Palace they have taken the audience by storm, drawing about £1000 nightly to the box-office ; and their season has been extended.

Taking a volley : Fr. I. Gelardi (Denmark).

A fine backhand drive by Miss Pearson (U.S.A.).

CUTE ANGLES OF THE SQUASH COURT

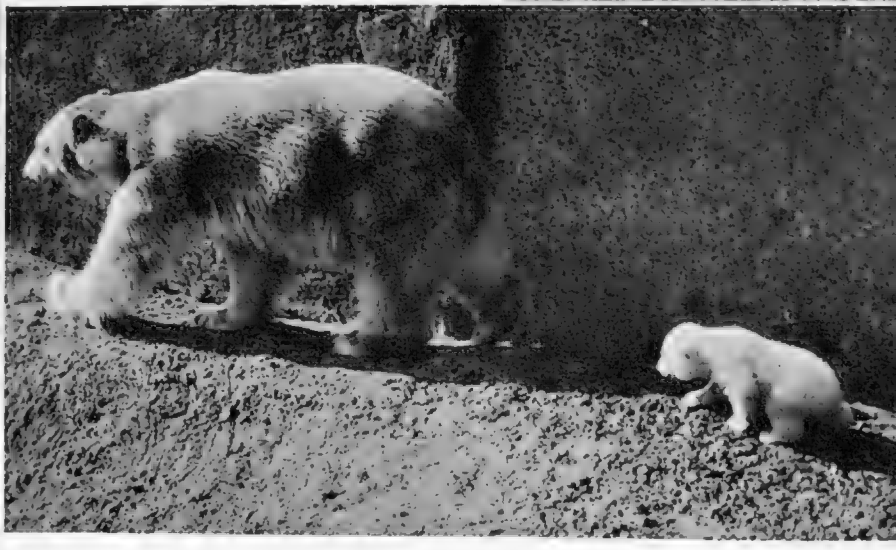
At the Lansdowne Club the Women's Squash Rackets Championships were not decided when we went to press, but here are snapshots of some players in the first round. Among those competing in this open event—besides those of Great Britain and the U.S.A.—were women from Denmark, Kenya, the Argentine and Australia.

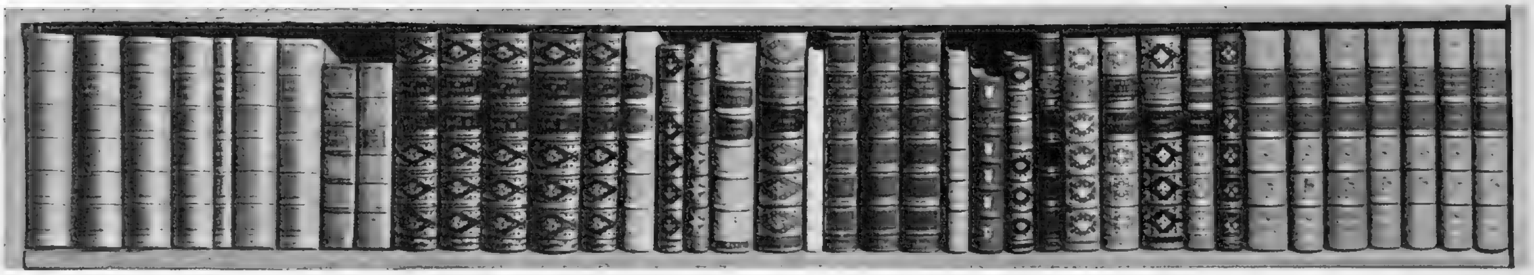
Mrs. Freddie Kaye (G.B.) apparently climbs the wall to take a lob.

Miss Betty Hilton (G.B.) gives a first-rate example of taking a backhand drive on the run.

A DAUGHTER FOR MISCHA AND IVY

SUITABLY winter-born, Polar bear-cub *Brumas* went out into February's sunshine to meet her public at the London Zoo, clad in a splendid soft white coat. She 's nearly four months old now, and everybody agrees with mother *Ivy* that she is an adorable pet, including the keepers Bruce Smith and Samuel Giddins, the first letters of whose Christian names combine in her name. Young as she is, baby *Brumas* has her moments of independence, though she usually finds it better for the time being to follow Mamma. She is clearly a case of the survival of the fittest, for *Brumas* is the first Polar bear-cub born at the Zoo ever to live for more than a few hours. Her father is *Mischa*.





OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

MEN OF STONES.
By Rex Warner.
(The Bodley Head ; 9s.)

IT is a curious fact that the more individualistic and original a modern writer may be, the more one finds oneself searching for possible precedents and influences. For Mr. Warner's one must go back a century or two. His cold, lucid prose, his starkly silhouetted narrative, recall Swift or, at moments, Defoe, while the general conception of this novel suggests such widely different stories as *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. That is not to say that it is anything but modern—rather the contrary. The subtitle, " a melodrama," is misleading, but so would have been others which could have been applied, " an allegory " or " a fable." Period and background are unstated ; the action takes place in a modern state, presumably but not certainly Mediterranean, and the time is after a revolution in which one totalitarian party has been victorious. There is an island prison ruled with terrible despotism by a Governor who believes he is God. His wife, whose sexual life is unfettered and varied, finds relief from the Governor's tyranny with a young man called Mr. Goat, who has come to the island to arrange a production of *King Lear* by the prisoners. The Governor's younger brother has spent his early years in a concentration camp, and has been forced to practise cannibalism, while the Governor's father is a prisoner on the island until he is executed by an arbitrary order of his son's. All the strings and loose ends of the story are gathered together in one knotted climax—the production of *King Lear* on the cliff-top of the island, with Mr. Goat playing Lear and the Governor's wife Cordelia. There is an explosive outcome which does more than kill a number of the actors. " The author is attempting to deal," says the publishers, " with the dangers and attractions of imposed authority and the weakness of ordinary humanity—problems, which, in one form or another, are a part of contemporary history." Yes, but he is also telling a tense and moving story with a poetic clarity unknown to most contemporary prose. And what, incidentally, is " ordinary humanity " ?

★

NIGEL KNEALE

TOMATO CAIN.
By Nigel Kneale.
(Collins ; 8s. 6d.)

THIS is a collection of short stories by a writer who is still in his twenties, and is sponsored by a Foreword from Miss Elizabeth Bowen. Mr. Kneale is a Manxman, and frequently uses his own region as a background with results not unlike those of other regional writers — Mr. Rhys Davies, for example. But he has a truly original turn of mind and is not afraid of the extravagant or even the preposterous. What distinguishes his work from that of most of his contemporaries, however, is not his play with the impossible, his contempt for natural law or his flirtations with the wildest fantasy, for those would have done no more than set him back forty years to the days of Wells's preoccupation with such things. It is something simpler than that and more interesting—the fact that his stories *are* stories, not character sketches or pieces of exhibitionism or odd lengths of descriptive writing. They have, believe it or not, a beginning, a middle and an end. In more than one of them the trick ending is blatantly used, and in all of them one wants very much to know what is going to happen. The idea, perhaps even the plot, comes first ; the characters follow their destinies without introspective protest. Moreover, these stories are well written in the narrowest sense, and a schoolmaster would write across the bottom of each : " Style—excellent."

The title-piece is one of those grim comedies of narrow life which leave one of its characters, at least, a changed man. There is a deliciously horrifying story of vengeance by a pondful of frogs, a good piece of supernatural nonsense called *Minuke*, a clever story of a " despairing repertory company," some hair-raising pieces about animals and children, one of them only just bearable, two or three studies of madness in one form or another, and some patches of rather restrained humour. Altogether a promising, a very loudly promising, collection.

Books in Brief

DUET OF DEATH. By Hilda Lawrence.
(Chapman and Hall ; 9s. 6d.)

Two short novels in one. Both are concerned with crime and the macabre, both well written and if not actually blood-freezing, certainly hair-raising.

ADVERSARY IN THE HOUSE.
By Irving Stone. *(Falcon ; 12s. 6d.)*

Mr. Stone, who wrote an excellent biography of Jack London, is less successful as a novelist. This is a picture of the Labour Movement in America told in the life-story of Eugene V. Dobs, a pioneer leader.

THE FACTORY. By Vera Panova.
(Translated by Moura Budberg.) *(Putnam ; 9s. 6d.)*

A novel by a Soviet writer set in a wartime Russian factory. Interesting from many points of view.

FOOD. By André Simon.
(Burke ; 15s.)

An excellent anthology, not only for the gourmet of classical taste, but for anyone intelligently interested in its subject.

★

FIRST STEPS INSIDE THE ZOO.
By John Lodwick. *(Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.)*

IT begins to look as though Mr. John Lodwick has found a formula for his novels which satisfies him. A casual murder or two, a collection of raffish and vicious characters, a protagonist who is no better, a sensational story with a dash of brutality in it set in a sunny climate—and you have the matter of most of his recent books. The present one is no less readable and no more significant than the rest, and once again this author shows that he has a gift for narrative which he may one day exploit to the full if he should ever choose a story worth telling.

Dormant is a deserter who is blackmailed by a British Intelligence man into giving up smuggling over the Pyrenees to do a little spying in the South of France. He arrives there and makes for the home of his friend Fletcher Dow, an American drunkard with a large harem. He works in competition with a number of Russian agents who plan to kidnap a British admiral when he comes ashore. There is a particularly harsh murder and some pleasant scenes. And there is something suspiciously like a happy ending. It is, I think, Mr. Lodwick's own fault if the reader remains indifferent to the sufferings or successes of his characters, for the characters themselves make no appeal to one's sympathy or taste, and rouse only the mild and detached curiosity with which the author himself appears to view them.

★

THOMAS ROWLANDSON.
By Bernard Falk. *(Hutchinson ; 63s.)*

IT is surprising to find that this is the first published biography of Rowlandson. There have been critical studies of his art and Mr. Falk readily acknowledges the value of the works of Mr. Paul Oppé and Dr. Edward C. J. Wolf, but it seems to have been generally assumed that the facts of Rowlandson's life were either too obscure or too discreditable to record in detail, and it has been left to the present biographer to attempt to discard the errors which have gained currency and set out the facts as far as they are known. Mr. Falk works gallantly and scrupulously to do this, but unfortunately the sources are so few that he is forced to embroider the life-story with what can only be speculative, though logical details. He describes a sketching holiday taken by Rowlandson with his friend Wigstead, then goes on—" marvellously refreshed in body and mind. . . ." Or, speaking of his gambling : " In his descent into folly Rowlandson injured only himself." Or in recalling the death of Rowlandson's aunt : " much as he mourned the good lady's loss, not until stark poverty and degradation were embraced in his lot, would he fully realise how much that lot meant to him." As reasonable assumptions these are all fair enough, but they are assumptions. Scarcely a letter of Rowlandson's exists and contemporary references to him are meagre. We know that he studied in France, worked brilliantly for a time in England, inherited a large sum from his aunt, gambled it away, was poor and did a great deal of hack work, but died by no means destitute. Mr. Falk enlarges on these facts and traces Rowlandson's associations and collaborations with great care. His critical considerations of Rowlandson's work are shrewd and balanced, and the book is well illustrated and produced.

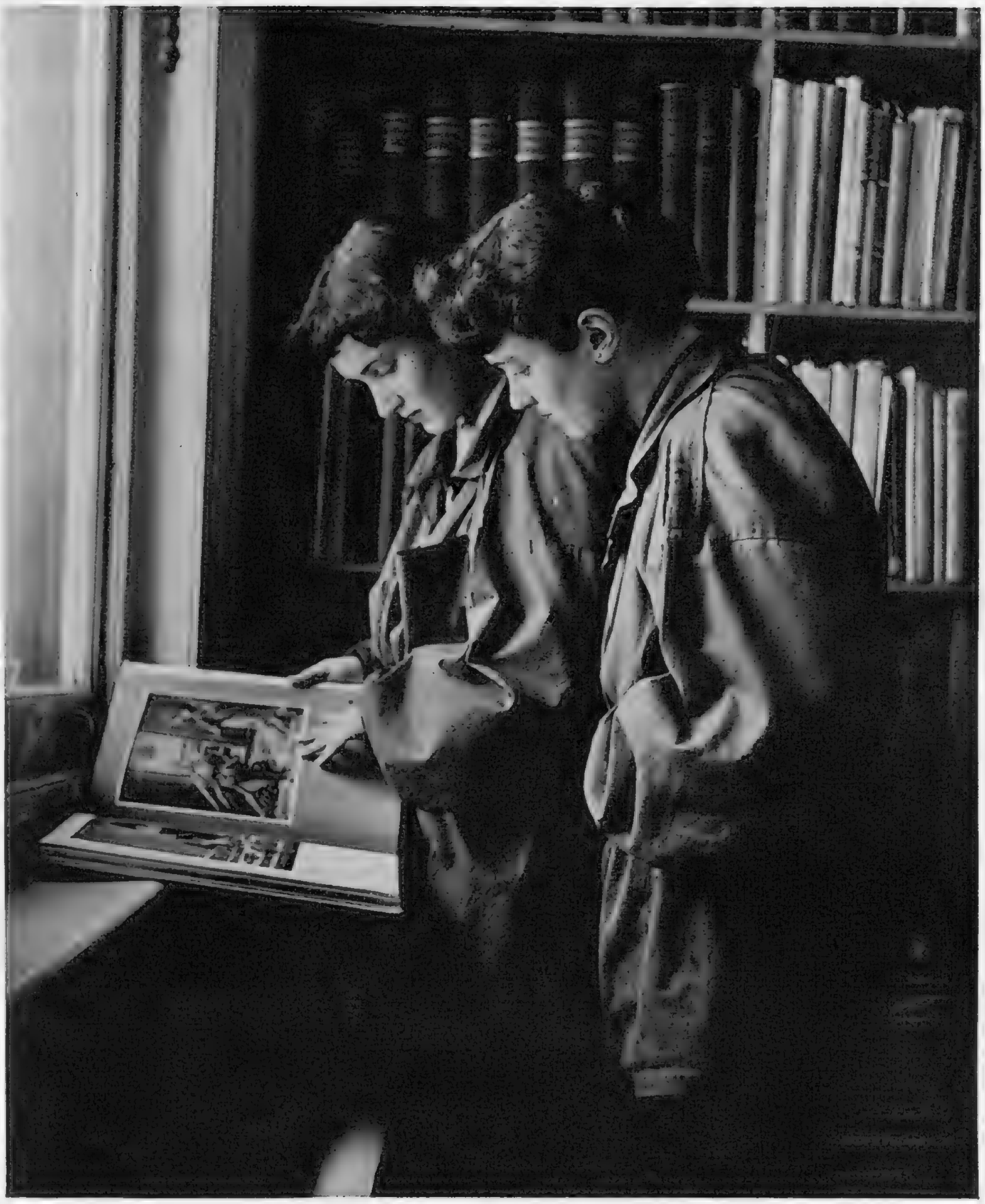
BERNARD FALK

Prince Chemico, by Janet and Anne, twin daughters of Doris Zinkeisen, illustrates a fairy-story Janet wrote when she was sixteen.

PAINTING TWINS

SURROUNDED from their birth in 1928 by paints, canvases, brushes, Janet and Anne Graham-Johnstone—daughters of Doris Zinkeisen, and nieces of Anna K. Zinkeisen—are twins both in looks and in their art. They were educated at Heathfield, Ascot, and at the St. Martin's School of Art; devoured books on the Old Masters. Their team-work—usually in water-colour or pastel—is divided up just as they feel; Anne usually draws the faces; Janet as a rule the animals, leaving their painting to Anne. They have designed advertising posters for I.C.I., have illustrated articles and books, especially fairy-tales, period costume being a favourite subject. Last month these prolific twins held their first exhibition, at Foyle's Gallery.

Photographed by TOM L. BLAU.



They constantly consult their mother's extensive, comprehensive collection of books on art, and are seen concentrating on some reproductions of Botticelli's paintings.

French Chalk Quarrier, by the twins.

Showing the influence of their mother's work—*Emetrius, King of the Indes*, an illustration for Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

A Gentleman of the Reign of Charles I., by Janet and Anne.

"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH."—Gregory Peck (left), in a moving, exciting, men-only story of a bomber group in the U.S. Eighth Air Force stationed in England during the war.

"GOLDEN SALAMANDER."—The enchanting Anouk, new French star, and Trevor Howard in a thriller set in North Africa, and directed by Ronald Neame.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS

By C. A. Lejeune

"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH."

As we have been warned, a new wave of Hollywood pictures about World War II. is breaking over the screen. A few weeks ago we had Gary Cooper as a Rear-Admiral, in a film celebrating the exploits of American aircraft-carriers in the Pacific. Now we have Gregory Peck as a Brigadier-General, in a film recording the first daylight missions of American heavy bombers over Germany. The war picture is not a species of entertainment that I welcome with any great fervour, but I must admit to having been considerably moved and excited by this one, called *Twelve O'Clock High.*

The credit titles inform us that the screenplay is by "Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr.", from the novel by "Beirne Lay, Jr. and Sy Bartlett." I pondered over the distinction for some time, and then gave it up as just another of those mysteries of the cinema. In whichever order you take the gentlemen, however, they have made a pretty good job of the writing. There is nothing sentimental or soft about this script: no over-done heroics, no self-conscious messages about democracy, no blondes in the bomb-racks—nor, indeed, any other ladies to cumber the plot once it gets under way.

Twelve O'Clock High is simply a story about a bomber group in the U.S. Eighth Air Force (in which both the authors served) stationed in England, during the early days of precision bombing. The morale of the crews has cracked through the strain of heavy losses; the group has become ragged and lax, and is getting the fatal reputation of being "unlucky." A new C.O., Brigadier-General Savage, is sent from head-quarters to apply shock treatment. He enforces ruthless discipline, cancels privileges and passes, disgraces subordinates, reintroduces basic training, and harangues his crews with calculated callousness.

He is hated, naturally, and the pilots apply for transfer in a body. But Savage, with the help of an understanding Adjutant, plays for time, and before the transfers can go through, decreased losses and better bombing results have wrung from the men a reluctant admiration. In the end, Savage turns the group into the fine striking force he has been working for, and is able to see the first big daylight raids on German arms targets pay off handsomely, before he collapses from overstrain.

The instruction to the gunners that gives the story its title, turns up after the first two hours, or thereabouts, of a long but never lagging picture. It takes the audience by surprise (Who really remembers what a film is called?) in the middle of an encounter with enemy fighters that seems to me a quite brilliant wedding of studio shots and factual combat material. No less cunning, although less spectacular, are the quiet scenes on the home station, in which every man about the job is keyed up to a tense but silent waiting. The acting, through a long male cast, is worthy of the picture. Gregory Peck, although handicapped by the need to live up to his status as a star, makes a fierce effort of intelligence and does it, and the players in smaller type—Hugh Marlowe, Dean Jagger, Gary Merrill and others—are as honest as they come.

"GOLDEN SALAMANDER."

The most interesting thing about *Golden Salamander* is the puzzle: What went wrong? *Something* went wrong in this British thriller between the idea and the screen, so that only a tolerably entertaining little picture emerged, where a striking one could have been expected. Consider the possibilities. The story, about a British archæologist who goes to North Africa to collect some Etruscan art treasures for a London museum, and finds himself involved in a nasty case of gun-running, is full of the promise of excitement. The director, Ronald Neame, is an ex-cameraman of note; more than that, he has a warm heart as well as a shrewd pair of eyes, so that he not only sees things clearly, but sees them with compassion. The cast, including Trevor Howard, Herbert Lom, Miles Malleson, Walter Rilla and Wilfred Hyde-White, is soundly picked for acting capacity and, as a bonus, the film presents, in her first English-speaking part, the enchanting Anouk.

Golden Salamander, with all these advantages, ought to have turned out a really choice bit of work, and for the first ten minutes I thought that was just what it was going to be. The film opens beautifully, with a long, wordless sequence in which Trevor Howard drives through a blinding rainstorm along an African coast road; finds the route blocked by a landslide; discovers an overturned truck full of smuggled firearms; sees by the light of his torch a couple of palpable smugglers; abandons his own car and tramps to the nearest town, where he registers at the inn, deciding this is none of his business. For these initial minutes, *Golden Salamander* is pure cinema, in which you can not only feel the steely rain stabbing your face, but understand, without a word spoken, a man's mental processes.

If only the film had kept it up! But it hasn't. From the moment that the wistful Anouk first appears, forlorn and diffident, as the inn's improbable proprietress, *Golden Salamander* turns into a piece of make-believe that can do no more than help ninety minutes to pass, with occasional pleasure and without actual tedium. It is a series of isolated incidents, many of them shot on location in North Africa, and fascinating in themselves as records of foreign travel; but simply introduced, some imp might say, on the good old Pooh-Bah principle of lending "artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

I could have forgiven Mr. Neame anything, I think, if he had only let us have an eyeful of Anouk, uninterrupted. But every time we settle down for a good long look, somebody jerks away the camera. I'm sorry: I know Mr. Neame had a story, too, to bother about; but you don't bring *that* sort of girl over from France for *that.*

FILMS IN BRIEF

"ADAM'S RIB."—A coyly streamlined comedy on the old theme of sex privilege, in which Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, as husband and wife, both lawyers, find themselves on opposing sides in a trial for attempted murder. A very good supporting cast and a general air of smooth competence distract one from the basic belief that the leading characters need smacking.

*

"IT'S A GREAT FEELING."—A Warner Brothers' family romp, staged with an air of illusory conviction in a Hollywood studio, in which the paying public is invited to come in and see how a well-conducted company *doesn't* make pictures. Jack Carson, Doris Day and Dennis Morgan are the obliging dupes; other stars on the Warners' pay-roll drop in occasionally. You have to be a picture addict to enjoy this one.

*

"FRANCIS."—Another of Hollywood's animal fantasies, in which a talking mule teaches a dumb soldier how to win the Burma campaign. The balance between comedy and disaster is fine here, and personal taste will bring it down on either side. I should hate to advise you.

*

"THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE."—A grim Polish picture, very well-acted, but conceived in the deepest, most vigilant bitterness, about the German persecution of the Jews in Warsaw. It brings your mind back to horror with a jerk.

. . . and PREVIEWS

STATE SECRET is a Ruritanian spy-thriller set in the imaginary country of Vosnia in Central Europe. The little state is under the ruthless dictatorship of General Niva and his second-in-command, Colonel Galcon, who are planning to force a mandate from the people in order to give themselves even wider powers of oppression. Visiting the country is a distinguished American surgeon, John Marlowe, who unwittingly becomes involved in its politics and is in danger of being "liquidated" by its rulers. The story concerns his adventures and escape in company with Lisa, a half-English variety artiste whom he meets while hiding from the state police. This new Launder-Gilliat production is due to be shown in London in early summer.

Because of a terrible political secret which John Marlowe (Douglas Fairbanks) and Lisa (Glynis Johns) have accidentally discovered, they are being hunted throughout the length and breadth of dictator-ruled Vosnia. The beautiful, wild mountain scenery was shot in the Dolomites where the cast were on location last autumn.

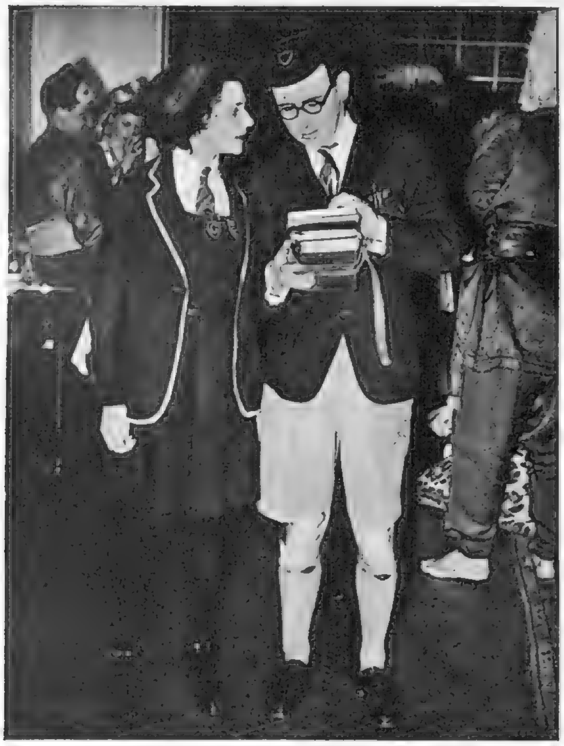
L. to r.: Mrs. E. M. Hunter; Mrs. Gardiner was mediæval, and her husband, Wg.-Cdr. W. G. Gardiner, as one of Robin Hood's merry men; F./Lt. E. Hunter in dinner-jacket; Wg.-Cdr. C. B. Abbott as Henry VIII. and Mrs. P. M. Roberts.

Historical characters and a Mexican: (l. to r.) S/Ldr. and Mrs. E. Lyons, Group Captain W. M. C. and Mrs. Kennely, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Force, Wing-Cdr. and Mrs. W. A. Richardson, Wing-Cdr. and Mrs. A. H. C. Roberts.

OUR SOCIAL SERVICES

The R.A.F. in Fancy Dress

AT their Upavon Station, the Royal Air Force recently held a masked fancy-dress ball. They let themselves go in costumes of every conceivable period and design. In other words, the night was gay and vivid.



They went back to school: Squadron Leader and Mrs. E. J. Harrod.

Mr. F. S. Baljon, a "nightly" figure; Mrs. Stent, Austro-Tyrolean; and Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley; she was Spanish; he an Arab.

DAVID FARRAR

. . . as Squire Redding in the new Selznick-Archer Technicolor production *Gone to Earth.* This he-man star with a heart-throb in his voice again plays a romantic bad-man part, with Jennifer Jones co-starring. Among his old successes : *Black Narcissus, Small Back Room, Diamond City.* Yet to be seen : *Cage of Gold*, with Jean Simmons ; and *The Late Edwina Black.*

Photographed by FRED DANIELS.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

Princess Elizabeth will visit Bath, to open the Newton Park Training College for Women Teachers, on March 2, and Bristol on March 3. On March 4 she will visit the Severn Wild Fowl Trust.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, will open the new Parliament on March 6. The French President and Madame Auriol will pay a State visit on that day.

The King will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace on March 14.

ENGAGEMENTS

A marriage has been arranged between:

David John Stafford, son of Mr. Reginald and Lady Margaret Nicholson, of Bareleigh, East Meon, Petersfield, and Rosemary Christian, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. M. Matthews, Vinnells, West Meon, Hampshire.

David, son of Mr. S. M. Woodrow, of Foston House, Foston, Leicestershire, and of the late Mrs. Woodrow, and Mary, daughter of the late Benjamin Barrios, and Lady Ovey, and stepdaughter of Sir Esmond Ovey, of Culham Manor, Culham, Oxon.

John, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clairmont Wood, of Coombe Down, Beaminster, Dorset, and Olivia Pansy Wallop, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Peveril William-Powlett, Chetnole Grange, Sherborne, Dorset.

Major-General J. E. C. McCandlish, C.B., C.B.E., son of the late E. J. McCandlish, and of Mrs. McCandlish, of Edinburgh, and Pauline Lee Squirrell (Junior Commander, W.R.A.C.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Squirrell, of Stowmarket.

Captain George Noel Powell, The Queen's Bays, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Powell, of Netley Lodge, Netley Abbey, Hampshire, and Charmain Clare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. G. Sparrow, Alvaston Hall, Nantwich, Cheshire.

Richard Patrick Pilkington Smyley, M.C., of 33, Upper Brook Street, W.1, son of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyley, and Helen Jill, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Derek Savile, of 48, Berkeley Square, W.1.

Major the Hon. Michael Fitzalan Howard, Scots Guards, son of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, and Jane Margaret, daughter of Captain W. P. Meade Newman and the late Mrs. Meade Newman.

Lieut.-Commander Ian Forbes, D.S.C., R.N., son of Colonel and Mrs. J. S. Forbes, and Lady Penelope Rous, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke.

David Thomas Lindsay, Aclare House, Drumconrath, Co. Meath, son of the late Col. and Mrs. H. E. Lindsay, and the Hon. Audrey Lyttelton, daughter of the late Viscount Cobham, and Violet Viscountess Cobham, of Hagley Hall, Worcestershire.

SPORT

RACING

March 1, 2. Ludlow.
,, 3, 4. Haydock and Kempton.
,, 4, 6. Worcester.
,, 7–9. Cheltenham.
,, 10, 11. Hurst Park.
,, 13, 14. Wolverhampton.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: Royal Navy *v.* The Army on March 4; Harlequins *v.* Bedford on March 11, both at Twickenham.

Golf: The Club *v.* Oxford U.G.C. at Moor Park on March 4. The Club *v.* Oxford U.G.C. at Denham on March 5. Oxford U.G.C. *v.* The League at Southfields on March 11-12.

Car Racing: Rally International des Neiges for touring and sports cars in Switzerland, from March 18.

Squash Rackets: Army *v.* Oxford Univ. Squirrels at Oxford on March 4. England *v.* Wales at Dublin on Mar. 10.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane). "Annie Get Your Gun" (Coliseum). "Traveller's Joy" (Criterion). "The Heiress" (Haymarket). "Harvey" (Prince of Wales). "Brigadoon" (His Majesty's). "Black Chiffon" (Westminster). "Sauce Tartare" (Cambridge). "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). "Beaux Stratagem" (Lyric). "On Monday Next" (Comedy). "Young Wives' Tale" (Savoy).

Recent Choices

"A Streetcar Named Desire" (Aldwych)—Vivien Leigh in the Broadway success by Tennessee Williams.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's newest musical.

"Treasure Hunt" (Apollo)—Sybil Thorndike in Irish comedy.

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's Coal Board comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"Murder at the Vicarage" (Playhouse) — A good Agatha Christie whodunnit, with Barbara Mullen.

"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" (Strand)—Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison in light comedy.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's) —Christopher Fry's exquisite verse spoken by Laurence Olivier, Valerie Taylor, George Relph, Heather Stannard and Denholm Elliot.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe) —a soufflé by Jean Anouilh translated by Christopher Fry, produced by Peter Brook and decorated by Oliver Messel; with Margaret Rutherford, Paul Scofield and Claire Bloom.

"Larger Than Life" (Duke of York's)—outstanding performance by American actress Jessie Royce Landis in this adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel "Theatre."

"A Lady Mislaid" (St. Martin's) —light comedy, with Ronald Ward and Avice Landone.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"John Gabriel Borkman" (Arts) —a new version of Ibsen's tragedy, with Louise Hampton and Frederick Valk. March 1-19.

"Home at Seven" (Wyndham's)—a new play by R. C. Sherriff, with Ralph Richardson and Marian Spencer. March 7.

The Shakespeare Season at Stratford-on-Avon opens on March 9, under the direction of Anthony Quayle. Cast includes John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Leon Quartermaine, Anthony Quayle, Harry Andrews and Andrew Cruickshank.

"Latin Quarter 1950" (London Casino)—a new version opens March 18.

"Sauce Piquante" (Cambridge)—succeeds "Sauce Tartare" at the end of March.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham on March 1.

Henry Wood Birthday Promenade Concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloist: Solomon. March 3.

National Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Operatic programme with Tito Gobbi. March 4.

London Symphony Orchestra under George Weldon. Solo pianoforte: Andor Foldes. March 5.

Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra conducted by Maurice Miles. Solo pianoforte: Denis Matthews. March 6.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Choral Society, and The Goldsmiths' Choral Union, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloist: Dennis Noble. March 8.

ART

At the Royal Academy, Burlington House: "Landscape in French Art, 1550-1900." Until March 5.

At the Victoria and Albert: Queen Mary's carpet is on view until March 12.

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street. Until March 30.

Women's International Art Club at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. From March 4-24.

Water-colours by Kenneth King, sculpture by Paolozzi and Turnbull, at the Hanover Gallery, Hanover Square, until March 18.

Sickert, paintings and drawings. Recent pictures by Bryan Midlane and Molly Paxton, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, Cork Street, W.1. From March 9.

Fernand Léger, paintings and drawings, at the Tate Gallery until March 19.

Pastels by Edouard Vuillard at the Wildenstein Gallery, New Bond Street. From March 1-18.

OPERA

Covent Garden's present season at the Royal Opera House ends on March 3. The Company will open an eight weeks' provincial tour at Liverpool on March 6, including in their repertory "The Olympians" and "Peter Grimes."

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

Carl Rosa Opera Company will open at Chiswick Empire on March 6.

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet will be at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, from March 6. The repertory includes "Don Quixote," "Giselle" and the complete "Le Lac des Cygnes." A Gala Performance for the President of the French Republic and Madame Auriol will be given on Mar. 9.

At Sadler's Wells: ballet performances are given at every Saturday matinée.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENT

Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: the fourth screen-plus-stage programme starts March 6 with a war picture, "Battleground," starring Van Johnson, and a new Nat Karson stage production with the Empire Ballet, the Empire Girls and George Melachrino's orchestra.

The second Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., on March 17; organised by the Chelsea branch; the Marchioness of Cambridge is president and Lady Lloyd chairman of the dance. Tickets: 2 guineas.

LE FIGARO
So sheer... so fascinating
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FINE GAUGE STOCKINGS

Mattli designs with great sophistication. His town suit, the jacket of grey and yellow over-check, the slimmest skirt of fine grey flannel, is typical of his new spring collection. The starboard-side cloche is in grey felt.

Charles Creed's good basic suit in long-lasting Bedford cord. The jeep jacket has two vents and fly fastens. The hat, trimmed to match the Paisley silk blouse, is from Renée Pavy.

SUITING

(Below.) Hartnell shows suits plain and elegantly tailored. This one in white barathea has envelope pockets and is caught in with a narrow dog-lead belt. The bobble-trimmed sombrero might have been designed with an eye to our export markets.

Hardy Amies is a master of suit designing. This summer town suit has wide sleeves cut in one with the body of the jacket, and gathered above and below the elbow. The jacket, of black-and-white basket-weave rayon, is deeply indented by a patent belt.

Creed's impeccable fly-fastened little box jacket of fine black-and-white check worsted. Black velvet trims the collar; makes the hat. Good for the young and casual.

Michael Sherard's suit reminiscent of the 'twenties is made of bottle-green wool georgette; has waist-deep armholes. The green and white printed wool blouse fastens low down with a floppy artist bow.

YOURSELF

(Right.) Mattli adds a gaily spotted waistcoat to his town suit in navy "Duvetyn." The cape jacket, worn over a narrow skirt, is set off by white wrist-length gloves and a face-framing cloche of smoothest navy straw.

A new detail is shown on Digby Morton's edge-to-edge coat in crushed-strawberry linen. The tiered pocket line is repeated on the bodice of the tailored Shantung dress that goes with it. Designed for smart but warm Summer occasions.

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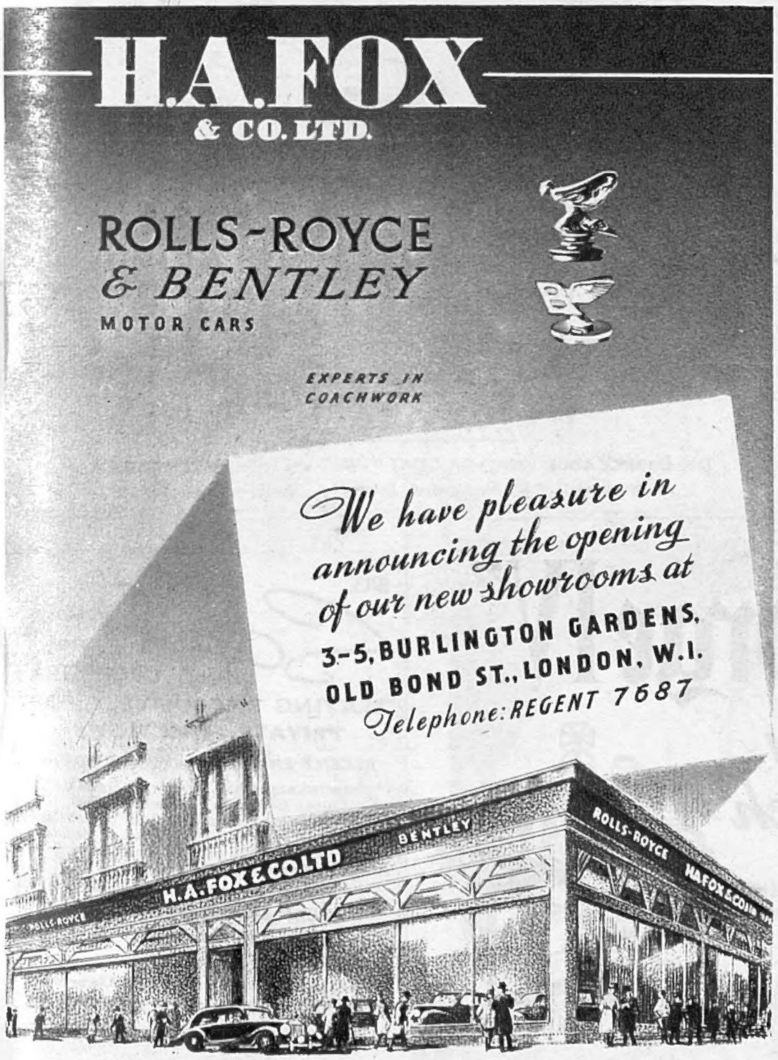

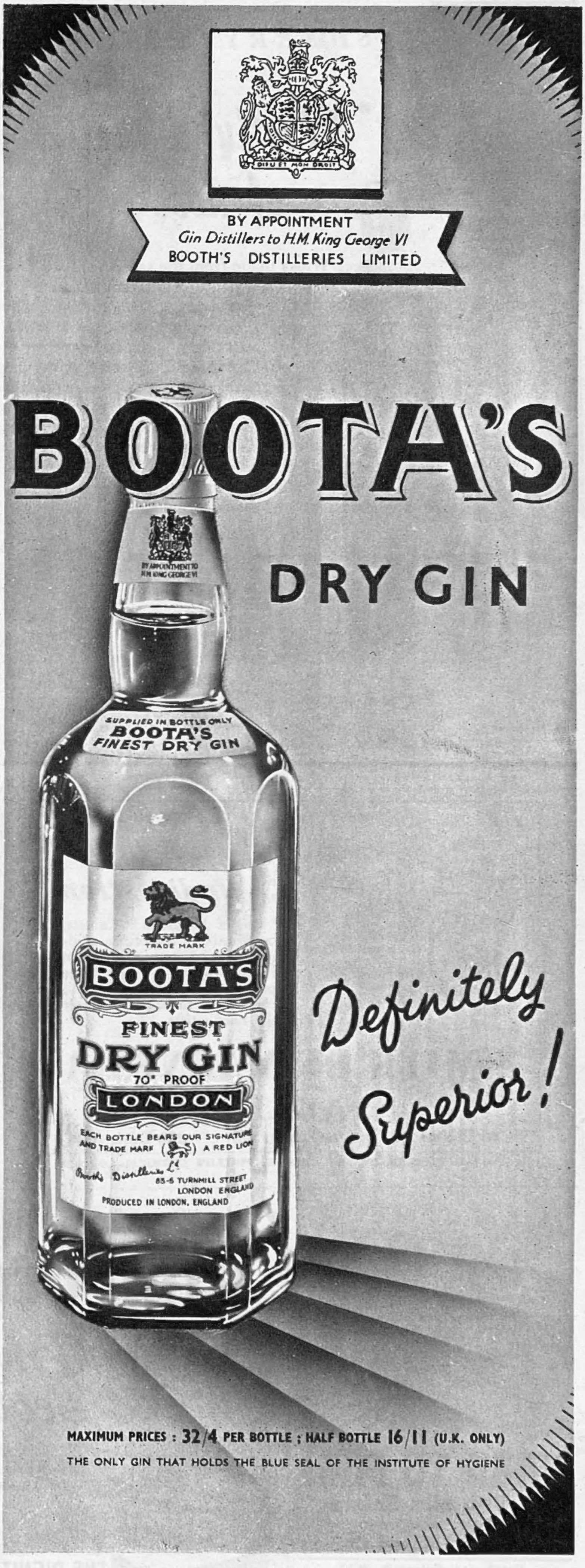

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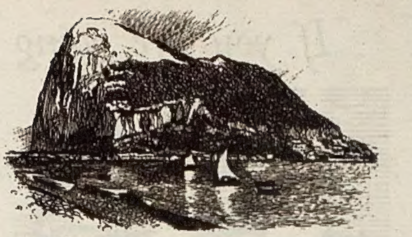

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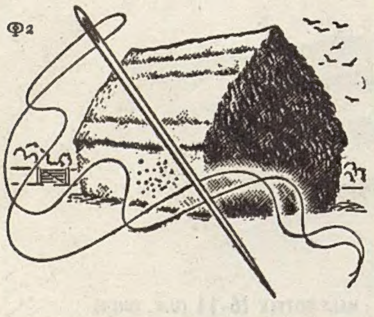

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